TRUE WEST

June, 1955 – 25¢

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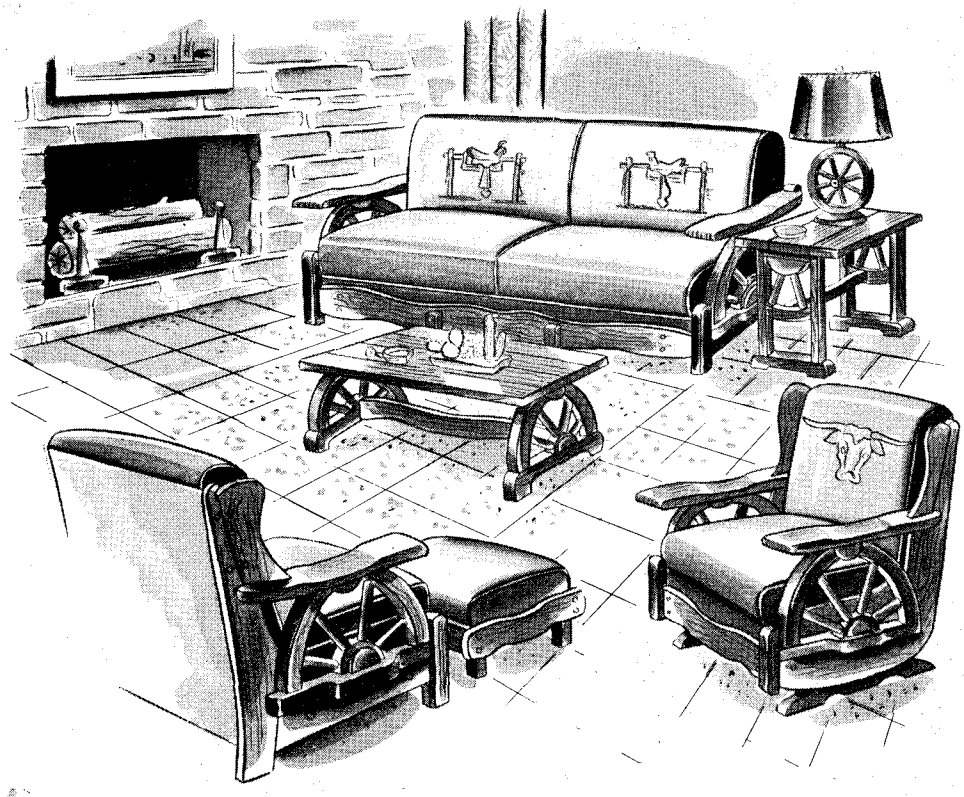

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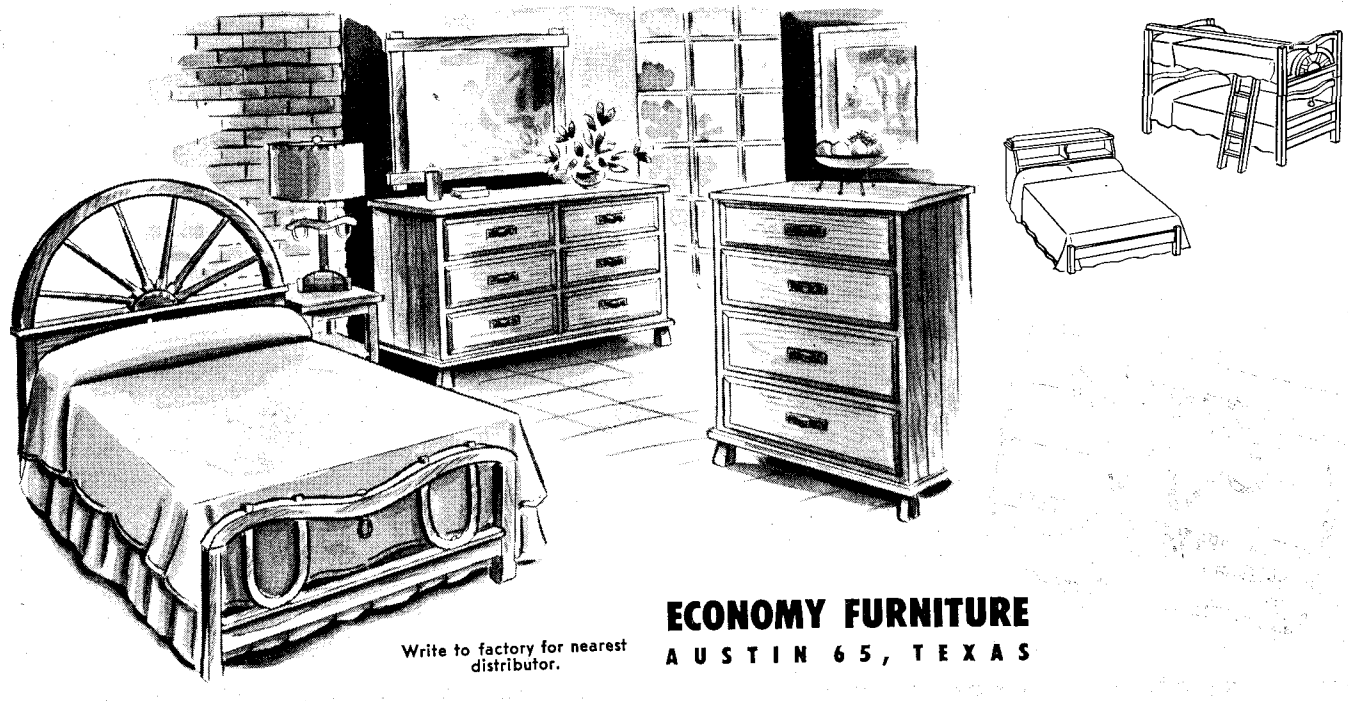

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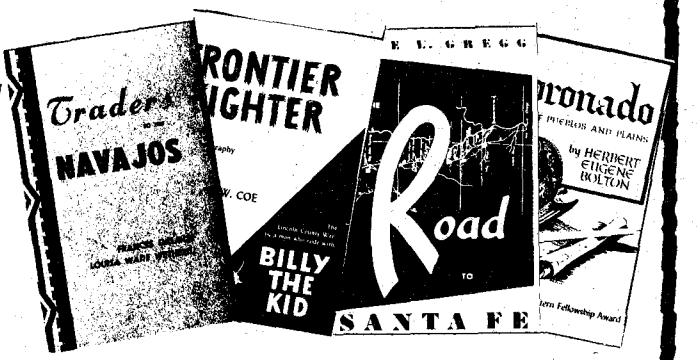

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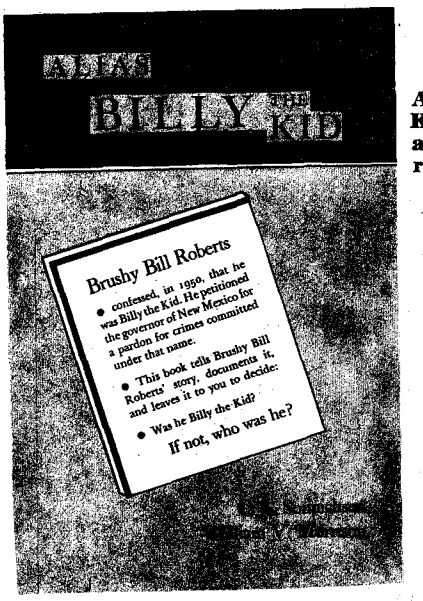

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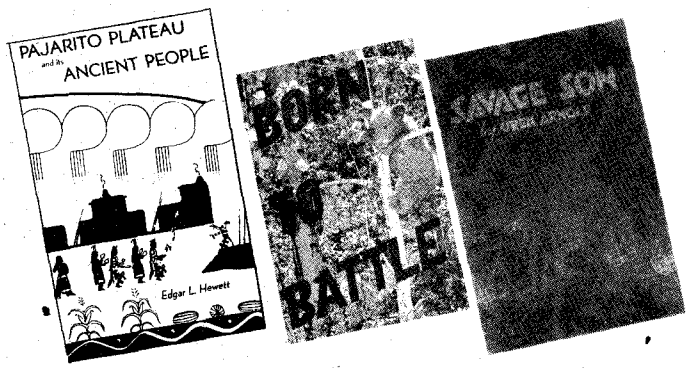

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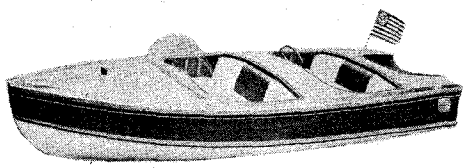

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True West

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A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

TRUE WEST is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, P.O. Box 5008, 709 West 19th St., Austin Texas. Editorial Offices, Box 266, Mason, Texas. 25c per copy, $3.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Austin, Texas, April 22, 1953, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Columbia, Missouri, Copyright 1955, by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS

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Truly Western

Crazy Horse—Paha Sapa Controversy

Dear Joe and Fred:

What's all this controversy about our Black Hills or Paha Sapa (Truly Western, January 1955, TRUE WEST). After nearly laughing my sides out and conceiving from it several good ideas for jokes about famous writers of Indian lore, I will poker-face-enough to come to Mr. Blasingame's rescue, as he is right—he is so right! According to yours truly and the rest of the 11,000 Injuns on this, the Pine Ridge Sioux Indian Reservation, which is only 2 beers and 2 cigarettes from the Black Hills, the correct Sioux name for Black Hills is "PAHA SAPA" and always has been, unless it has been changed by Mari Sandoz, Stanley Vestal (Professor Campbell) without our knowledge. Nevertheless, it will always be Paha Sapa to us, so you future writers of Indian stories should contact us for proper dope, proper spelling and diction, instead of taking it from somebody's book.

PA means HEAD, PAHA means HILLS, SAPA means BLACK. In the Sioux Indian language, the descriptive adjective is always placed AFTER the NOUN in question. Hence: PAHA SAPA is BLACK HILLS and the new (?) Sandoz', Vestal (Campbell), Adams' version is BLACK HEAD.

As for the Crazy Horse affair, some night soon I will visit one of the old boys here of that era, and in between puffs of his pipe of good old *kinnikinnick* tobacco, I will have him relate the whole Crazy Horse incident.—John Lee, Box 54, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

And From Sioux Chief White Bear

Mito Kola, Joe and Fred:

I read in the January, 1955, TRUE WEST, the letter by C. M. Blasingame.

Did Crazy Horse surrender or didn't he? Mr. Blasingame states that Crazy Horse never surrendered or ever signed a treaty with the whites. This is not the truth. Crazy Horse surrendered to General Nelson Miles in January, 1877, after the battle on the Tongue River near the Big Horn Mountains. He promised to go back to his reservation, which he did, and surrendered to Lieutenant Clark in May of that year. Sitting Bull took off for Canada after the fight on the Tongue.

Mr. Blasingame further states that Crazy Horse was tricked into coming into Fort Robinson in 1877 to council over the great broken treaty of 1868. "He came in alone, unarmed, and was ruthlessly shot down . . . " **This is not the truth.** Crazy Horse went to Spotted Tail's agency about 40 miles northeast of Red Cloud's Agency (Fort Robinson) on account of his sick wife. He was taken to Fort Robinson by about 8 of Spotted Tail's Brule Indians and an interpreter and officer of the U. S. Army. He was not shot down. He was stabbed in the back by a bayonet in the hands of a soldier on guard after he tried to escape from the guardhouse.

Mr. Blasingame also states that at the council the Sioux sought to select their greatest hero to be carved on Thunderhead Peak in the Black Hills of South Dakota, and that Crazy Horse won over Red Cloud.

Again, **this is not the truth.** I led this debate in behalf of Red Cloud and won a victory by the margin of two votes for Red Cloud. I am writing a book on this debate; also on my father's side of the Custer Battle of the Little Bighorn—a battle in which my father fought.

The Rocky Mountain News, of Denver Colorado, in their issue of July 9, 1948, covered this debate. Their report proves that Red Cloud won over Crazy Horse.

I cannot agree with anyone who calls the Black Hills in Sioux anything but Paha Sapa. That is the Lakota Sioux word for it. All I can say is that Mari Sandoz or Stanley Vestal surely do not know the Lakota Sioux language if they said Pa Sapa.

In closing, let me say that Jeff Adams is correct in his account of Crazy Horse's death.—Chief Moto Ska (White Bear), Rawlings, Wyoming.

"My idea for the lost Mexican shepherd girl from 'Coronado's Children' by J. Frank Dobie: pp. 14 of Sept. TRUE WEST"—Mrs. A. G. Riker.

Note From Author Jeff Adams

Gents:

First off, I thank C. M. Blasingame for setting me right on the true Lakota spelling of Paha Sapa, and also John Lee and Chief White Bear for corroborating same. I'm doggone sorry I made the mistake and right happy that it is corrected. Maybe, sometime, if I live to be 100, I'll stop making mistakes. My deepest thanks also to Chief White Bear for backing me up on the Crazy Horse deal. Nice to know that I wasn't wrong in everything I wrote!—Jeff Adams, 5402 Woodrow Avenue, Austin 5, Texas.

How We Find Our Artists?

Dear Sirs:

Ever since I read Fred Gipson's kind remarks about contributions sent in by non-professional writers, I've been trying to work up enough nerve to write and ask if you would accept sketches and drawings from non-professionals.

Knowing nothing about the magazine business, I don't know whether or not you have a regular staff of artists. Looking through the September, 1954, issue, I noticed an ad by Randy Steffen, of Cisco, Texas. I presume he is the artist who is so ably illustrating many of your stories. I don't know Mr. Steffen, but I am familiar with Cisco, as I was born and reared for the most part, in Eastland County. I am now 23 years of age and have two sons, aged 2 and 3 years, who keep me quite busy.

I am enclosing a few samples and will be grateful if you will look at them. Thanking you for your time.—Mrs. A. G. Riker, Star Route, Coulterville, Calif.

(We think she's good. What do you think? See illustration this page.)

Old vs. Modern West "Controversy" No Contest

In the January issue we asked for letters on the Old vs. Modern West controversy. We also asked for opinions on possibly changing the make-up of the magazine; more white space, more sweeping illustrations with less text, etc. Well, pardners, we got told—plenty! The "controversy" turned out to be a push-over for the Old West fans. We're still amazed at the fact that out of the mass of letters we received, nearly ALL the letter-writers (with the exception of one author and one reader) preferred Old West stories to ANYTHING modern! Below are just a few samples of the scores of letters we received:

Howdy, Joe:

You asked for it. So here goes!

Stick to the Old West. Tell the truth about it. There's so many yarns printed, so many lies, so much hog-wash about the Old West. Anybody with legs to stand on can go by the grocery or drugstore and read about the New West. But the true stories of the Old West are long overdue. Too long.

Your magazine can be a real help to us folks that never had the chance to know the Old, Old West to learn about it from a reliable source. That's TRUE WEST.

So stick to the Old West.—Sam Howe, 640 Tulsa St., Norman, Oklahoma.

"Print Her Solid"

Joe:

For some reason I did not receive my November issue of TRUE WEST. Was on verge of writing you, as I feared you had stopped publication. (Don't scare me that way!). Then the January issue cantered in. Please send me November issue, as I am keeping my file for grandson.

My vote goes for stories of the Old West. Dern these modern times—East or West! All the horses I ever broke never crippled me up like one car did.

White space? Print her solid—from top to bottom—edge to edge—kiver to kiver! I can't read white space! You've got a

(Continued on following page)

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Now for a happier note. We caught on after the second issue! We have a fast dwindling (but still sufficient) supply of all other issues. Order these at the regular rate of 25c each.

Use the coupon, listing those you want by number. To answer many questions, with the exception of Vol. 1, No. 2, the issues shown above (and whole numbers from No. 8 to current issue), represent the complete file of TRUE WEST.

Check at top of page 2 in this issue. The whole number of this issue represents the editions that have been printed after No. 8. We're doing this so we won't have to reset this notice every time!

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

fine mag, Joe. Keep up the good work. I'll send in some subs later. More power to you.—Don P. Grove, Route One, Loudon, Tennessee.

"Keep It Old West"

Dear Editor:

I have been a faithful reader of your magazine for some time, and enjoy it very much. I am an old *vaquero* of Idaho, Oregon, and Nevada. I am 76 years old and was born and practically raised in Boise. My folks came to Boise in 1865 and settled in the Boise Valley.

I went to Oregon in 1898 and started working for the P.L.S. Company of San Francisco. I worked 14 years for them. Went back over the old range last year, but it has changed so much it did not look right.

If this letter suits your paper, I will write another. Do not change your magazine, as it is tops as it is. Your articles are fine. *Keep it the Old West.*—Dave Clemmons, Boise City, Idaho.

"Leave Well Enough Alone"

Dear Joe:

You sure have got yourself in one heck of a mess if you are going to try to please everybody. If you are going to try to satisfy every one by giving us the kind of reading we want, you are hopelessly lost.

You evidently started out to print stories of the Old West, so why don't you leave well enough alone and print them as long as you can get reliable information? Keep it true so you won't make a liar of yourself by calling your magazine TRUE WEST.

Most of us oldtimers have read or heard many of the stories you print in TRUE WEST, but most of us only have a faint recollection of having read or heard this or that early day happening, and the details as you print them are very interesting to us. At least, that is my reaction to them and I believe I am a normal old man. Another thing! My grandson, age 9, delights in having me read TRUE WEST to him, so let's leave well enough alone. You can't please us all, anyway.

As for more pictures and white space, I am for more reading matter and less pictures unless they are actual reproductions of original pictures. When I read a story, I draw my own imaginative picture of the location and characters in my mind as I read. I would not give a tinker's dam for what some one else thinks they ought to look like. I spend my money for good clean reading matter and I am thankful I can read writing and don't have to get my information from looking at a picture book like a small child.

If those modern Western lovers will just wait until you run out of the 1800 series, you will be in the 1900's soon enough for most of us, I feel sure. Yours for every success in your publishing enterprise.—L. R. Cort, Sr., Route 1, Nelson, Mo.

Even the East . . .

Dear Sir:

I have just read your editorial in the December-January issue, wherein you request opinions on the modern vs. Old West.

I will cast my "Eastern" vote for the Old West. Those old articles of the Indian-Cavalry battles, stagecoach and train robberies, badman stories, etc., seem to keep your eyes glued from the first paragraph to the last.

I don't think it's necessary to make more white space to the extent that you will have to make one less article in TRUE WEST. However, keep those old photographs in your articles. They add a great deal to any story—much more so than drawings, in my opinion.

In closing, I wish to say that I enjoy TRUE WEST very much as it is.—Howard W. Strawbridge, Star Route, Titusville, Pa.

We're Glad, Too, Don!

Howdy, Gents!

Just want to say that I'm glad there are a few sane, sensible, historic, true, factual, interesting, oldtime men's magazines left in this loco world!—Don Grey, Jefferson City, Montana.

Well, you get the idea! We could print dozens more if we had the space, but they would all recite the same theme! Old West, Old West, Old West. We thought we knew, but we wanted to be shore. More photos, to hell with white space, Old West and keep her true—that's the way they ran, almost 100%! And now to catch up on some back correspondence.

Interesting Letters From Europe

Dear Editor:

Please permit me to congratulate you on the publication of your remarkable magazine, TRUE WEST. It is the best Western magazine I ever had the good fortune to get acquainted with . . . A German acquaintance, who had received a copy of TRUE WEST from his American relatives, had the kindness to send me your magazine, and I am indeed grateful for the chance of being allowed to read your excellent stories.

May I point out to you, dear Sir, that Mr. Norman B. Wiltsey, author of the priceless story "Message to Fort Laramie" made a slight mistake in stating that the picture of Chief Joseph had never before been published? I acquired the first copy of this very same picture in 1927 during my stay in Idaho, Oregon and Washington. Later on, this picture appeared in print in several American publications which contained stories of

"You're going to meet a tall, dark, blue-eyed sheriff."

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Chief Joseph's Last Stand and other incidents of the last Indian wars.

However, my slight and friendly criticism is certainly not meant to belittle the outstanding worth of Mr. Wiltsey's report. He wrote an excellent story which so far has been little known. Mr. Wiltsey deserves a vote of thanks for all who treasure accounts of Far Western history. In this respect Mr. Wiltsey has given us much, and I beg of you to be so kind as to forward my sincerest thanks to this excellent author.

I have lived for many years in the U.S.A. In fact, I not only acquired my educational training in your good country, but I also served a "hitch" in the United States Army, obtaining an honorable discharge after my service. I know the great American Southwest, especially the Lone Star State very well, and I am still proud of the fact that many years ago I had the honor and pleasure to live in your State. This has been many years ago, but I have never forgotten those happiest days of my life, and memories of Texas, of the Southwest and West, are my priceless possessions of today.

May success be with your publication, dear Sir. Your magazine is grand. It brings me greetings out of yesteryear which make me very happy and also move me deeply.

If you should be so kind as to publish this letter in your Truly Western column, I hope that some of my old Western friends will read it. I lost track of them long ago, but I have never forgotten them, and I wish with all my heart that they would write to me. Thank you and good luck.—Dr. Oscar C. Pfaus, Muelhaeuser St. 7, Etage, Hamburg 43, British Zone, Germany.

Dear Editor:

Yes, TRUE WEST, has even found its way abroad! I welcomed it wholeheartedly, not only because of severe pangs of homesickness for my old stomping grounds, but also because I've been trying my best over here through articles and speeches to counteract the cheap and artificial conception of our West which Europeans have gleaned from film and fiction. Your magazine is really a splendid and needed addition to the stands, and I take its success and growth for granted . . . Could be you will be getting a few subscriptions from Sweden, mine included.

Let me particularly compliment you on the idea of a series about the various Indian tribes. Hope you continue with it.

A few suggestions and questions:

"Hey, Professor—Dinosaur eggs!"

So far, I take it, you have concentrated attention on the West as it really was. Would it be outside your scope to carry something about the West as it really is? Take our Indians for example. They are no longer a disappearing race, but on the contrary, are increasing faster than any other population group in the U.S. Yet most Americans have no idea how the Indians live today, nor of the exciting things that have been going on in Indian affairs in the past fifteen years. I would like to see them regarded as something other than museum pieces . . .

Another idea . . . Few people think of the bronc-buster as anything but a guy with a lot of nerve and even more luck; they rarely think about the skills involved. I remember being fascinated by the account of an oldtimer about the details of sticking to the critters . . . the minute and split-second observations of changes in the neck muscles of the horse tells the rider whether the buck will be a sunfish, a spin or whatever, so he can shift his balance accordingly . . . Such an article, preferably by a big-name bronc-buster, might be part of a longer article which looks behind the scene of a rodeo.—Miriam Paleologue, Kammakargatan 21, 11, Stockholm, Sweden.

Good idea, Miriam! Writers, take note. —Editor.

The Lady Is Pleased

Dear Mr. Small:

Just finished reading my first issue of your swell new TRUE WEST Magazine. I think it's wonderful, and I hope to read every issue from now on. Even though I am a woman, no one could love the outdoors more than I. My son loves the wilds. He is president of the Flathead Archers.

I will be looking for more stories such as *Brave Warriors*, written by Norman B. Wiltsey. It is wonderful. It helps to keep in mind how much we owe the Indians, also to let us know how fine a people they really were and are.—Mrs. Clara L. Burch, General Delivery, Whitefish, Montana.

Far Country

Dear Joe:

Well, the plane came in today with a load of flour and we're expecting another plane tomorrow, so this letter will get off pronto.

Here at Mistassinny Post, we're not snowed in with correspondence—just snow, 42 inches at present. I got both sample copies of TRUE WEST and WESTERN SPORTSMAN and I've read every word printed therein.

The weather here isn't as cold as you might think. So far the coldest has been 42 degrees, and today it was 20 (almost tropical). The Post is at least 100 miles from any barren lands. Moose, bear, ptarmigan and partridge (both spruce and ruffed grouse) are good hunting. I'll have to get after a b'ar or two this summer with my 38-55. The day before Christmas I went out with my .22 Browning auto-loader and bumped off 6 spruce grouse, all in about 15 minutes. In the afternoon I got only one ruffed grouse.

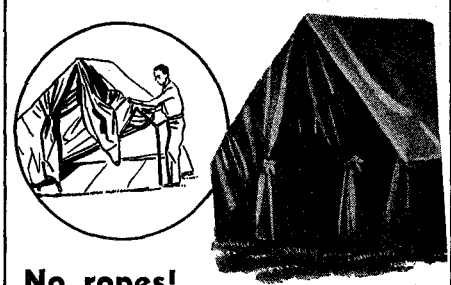
I've been busier than a raccoon fighting off Nigger and Red since then. Furs have been pouring in; mink, beaver, otter, ermine, squirrel and an occasional marten.

I recently (June '54) came from

(Continued on page 43)

Here's something really *new* in tents!

THE WANDERLUST



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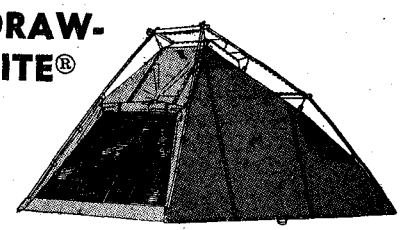

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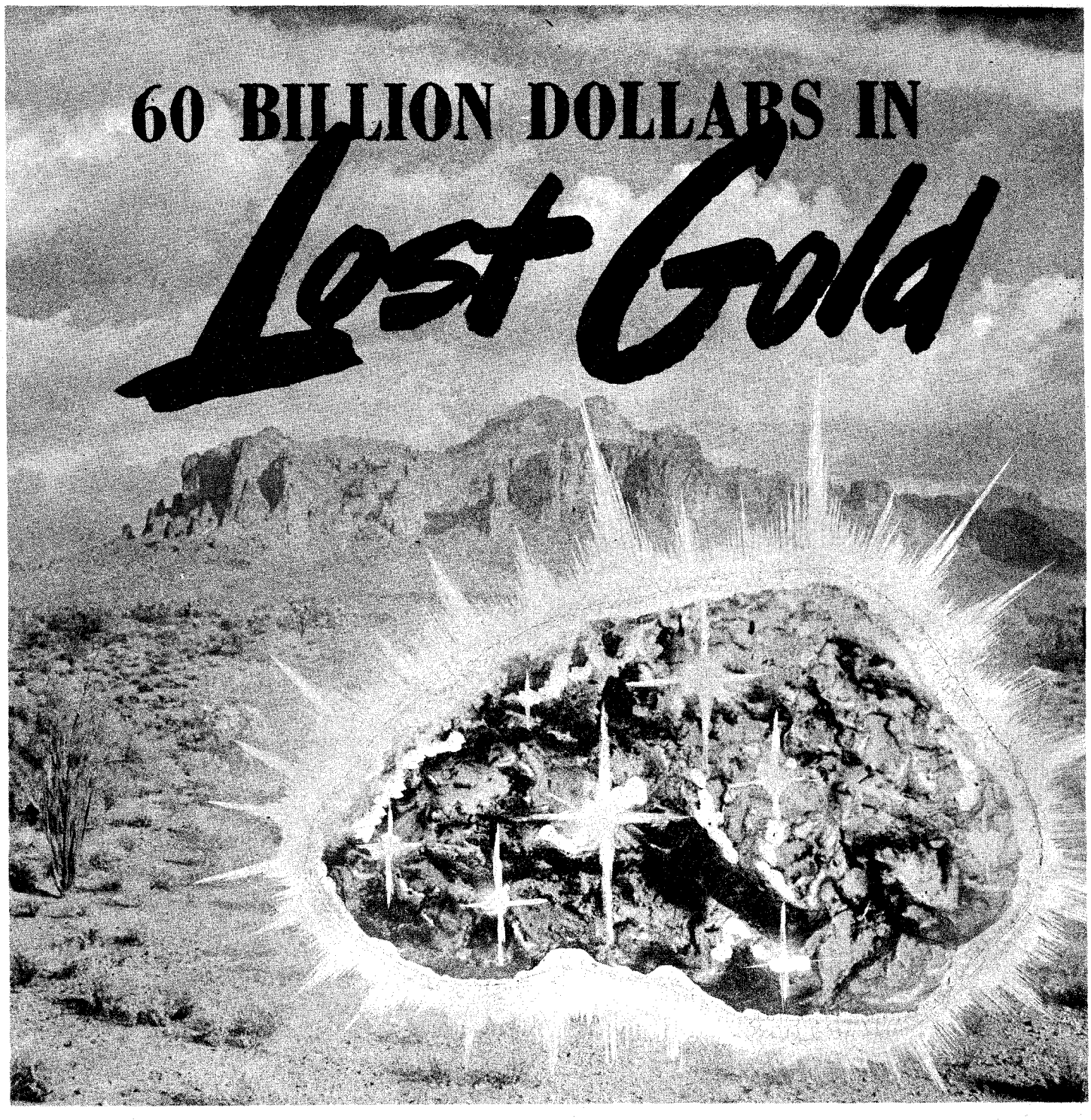
60 BILLION DOLLARS IN *Lost Gold*



By RALPH CONISTON

Enormous wealth lies buried in ancient mines of the Southwest with lush rewards awaiting the adventurous souls with the savvy to find it.

"Reprinted from MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED Magazine. Copyright 1950 Fawcett Publications, Inc."

"WITH only a "fake" map to guide him, Henry Bruderlin has just discovered what may be one of the most fabulous lost gold mines in history—the Lost Dutchman. Somewhere in the craggy Superstition Mountains of Arizona, this brassiere salesman recently uncovered these famous and lurid diggings worth millions of dollars."

The above newspaper story appeared in 1949 in *The Denver Post.* Attempts to verify it have—so far—proved unsatisfactory; people just won't talk about it! Modern gold-seekers are just as close-mouthed as the oldtimers when it comes to discussing hidden treasure; investigators get nowhere when they try to pin them down to a definite statement. This much is certain—there's still gold in them thar hills! 60 billion dollars worth of it lies out there somewhere, waiting for those persons with the patience, savvy and daring to go find it. Dozens of rich strikes made by oldtimers have been lost or forgotten, their secrets buried in the prospectors' graves.

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Arizona's Lost Dutchman Mine Location Riddle Believed Solved

By RONALD HAYES.

PHOENIX, Ariz., July 30. (INS) — The century-old desert riddle of location of the famed Lost Dutchman mine in Arizona's Superstition mountain country was believed solved Saturday.

Answer to the whereabouts of the lost mine for which scores of persons met violent death over the years was indicated in mining claims filed by Henry H. Bruderlin, 35, of West Los Angeles.

Bruderlin's claims are to an area thirty-five miles east of Phoenix in the hills surrounding the mythridden Superstition mountain. He thinks he has the original bonanza last worked by the mad Dutchman Jacob Walz in the mid last century.

Bruderlin's ... mines turned up in the possession of two historically nameless prospectors. Jacob Walz and his partner followed the prospectors into the mountains, but only Walz came out.

ORE VALUED AT $10,000 A TON.

He brought with him ore valued at $10,000 a ton, one of the richest assays in mining history.

In the course of protecting the secret location of the bonanza Walz is known to have killed eight persons who trailed him into the Superstitions.

Scores of others have died in the passing years hunting for the Dutchman mine, some of thirst in the desert, some at the marauding ... merely ...

Here's the tomb of "Snowbeard, the Dutchman" Walz who is said to have killed at least 11 people in the process of finding and safeguarding the Peralta diggings in the Superstition Mountains of Arizona. The clipping from The Denver Post, however, indicates that the Lost Dutchman secret is out at last—discovered by a brassiere salesman.

That's why hundreds of men, spurred by lush rewards such as Bruderlin's reputed treasure, spend all their time combing desert and mountain in the hope of finding long-forgotten mines.

The Lost Dutchman—which Bruderlin presumably has found—is just such a lost bonanza—a century-old mining property with the most fantastic history of them all. Its story sounds like something out of an old blood-and-thunder Western movie.

In 1846 three brothers—Pedro, Ramon and Manuel Peralta, came to Arizona to look for gold. And, they found it. High on a black-topped mountain, they discovered not one but seven rich lodes of the precious yellow stuff.

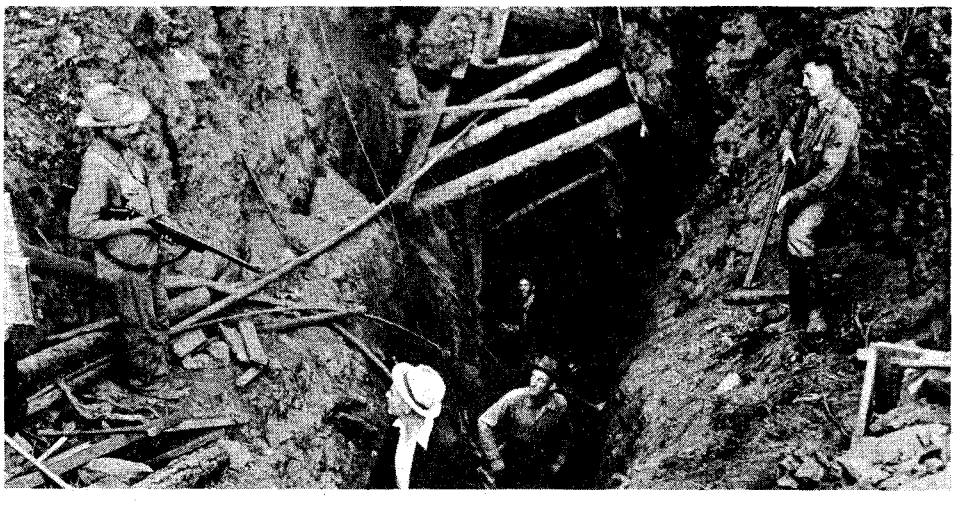
Loaded down with wealth, they returned to their home in Mexico, but greed drove Pedro back almost immediately. He took 68 men with him and they dug a fortune out of the ground. Just as they were ready to start back, the Apaches attacked. In panic, Pedro hurriedly hid the bulk of his treasure and tried to escape with a small portion. But the Indians closed in, and every man in the party was murdered.

Shocked by the fate of their brother, Ramon and Manuel Peralta were content with what they had. Some years later, Ramon gave his map to two partners—Jacobs and Ludi. In 1871, they followed the old Peralta trail into the Superstitions and finally succeeded in finding the diggings although the Apaches had tried to obliterate all traces of them.

WHAT happened after that has never been proven. There are rumors that someone followed them into the hills and shot them both. In any event, Jacob Walz and Jacob Wiser, two other prospectors, took over from there and before very long Wiser mysteriously disappeared, leaving only Walz with the secret.

Evading all those who tried to follow him, "Snowbeard the Dutchman" Walz worked his diggings in secret, hauling out repeated loads of wealth to the desert towns of Florence, Tucson and Phoenix. Early in 1891 Snowbeard died, taking with him the secret of the Peralta mine.

Since then, many men have tried to find that mine—all in vain. They either died violently, disappeared completely after



In 1828, the Calhoun mine in Dahlonega, Georgia was discovered and yielded millions over a long period. Then it was abandoned until Major Graham Dugas (pictured above right with two pans of ore) rediscovered it, baring a lode of bonanza ore assayed at $60,000 a ton. Armed guards, above left, kept out fortune-seekers.

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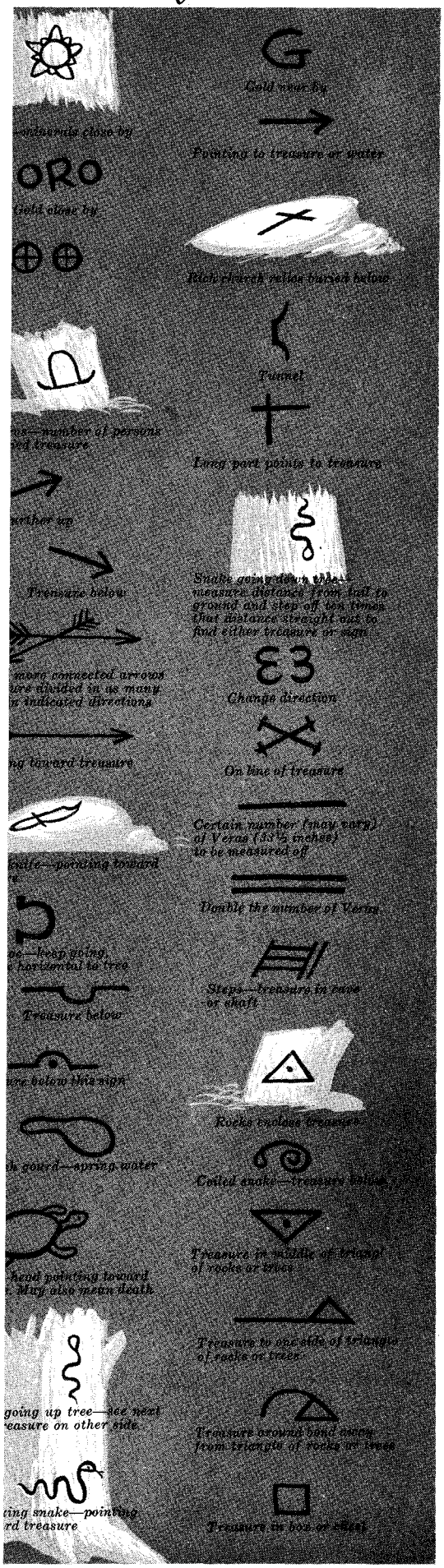
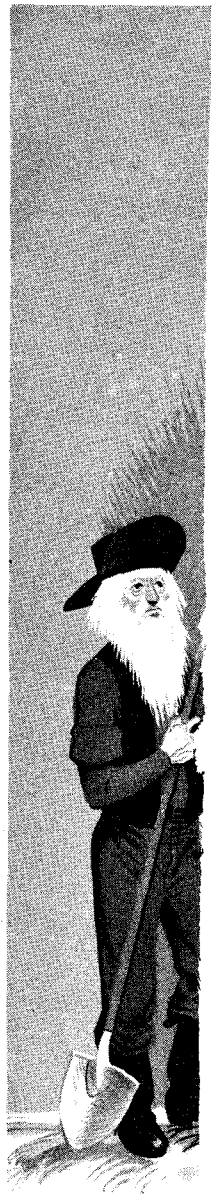
ɛ for these secret symbols
ɔhen hunting lost treasure



Probable locations of 56 of the Southwest's fabulous mines.



entering the Superstition area, or failed miserably in their search. Then, along came the brassiere salesman.

Thirty-five-year-old Bruderlin knew that he couldn't prospect alone. So he consulted an oldtimer—Jess Mullins. The two men followed the faded lines on the map until they discovered an old cactus trail which the Peraltas had started. Along that trail the rocks were marked with the Spanish symbols for gold. They followed them and at last came to the Peraltas' master marker — a giant cactus with stones driven into it. Thus, the story goes, they struck it rich.

Here's the story in detail, as it appeared in *The Denver Post,* July 31, 1949, edition:

ARIZONA'S LOST DUTCHMAN MINE LOCATION RIDDLE BELIEVED SOLVED
By Ronald Hayes
Phoenix, Ariz., July 30—(INS)

The century-old riddle of location of the famed Lost Dutchman Mine in Arizona's Superstition Mountain country was believed solved Saturday.

Answer to the whereabouts of the lost mine for which scores of persons met violent death over the years was indicated in mining claims filed by Henry H. Bruderlin, 35, of West Los Angeles.

Bruderlin's claims are to an area thirty-five miles east of Phoenix in the hills surrounding the myth-ridden Superstition Mountains. He thinks he has the original bonanza, last worked by the mad Dutchman, Jacob Walz, in the middle of the last century.

was given Bruderlin's luck began when he a map kept for years in the family records of an old Mexican of Ray, Arizona. Next he enlisted the aid of Jess Mullins, 75-year-old prospector who has spent the last sixty years combing the Superstitions for gold.

Following the faded lines on the map, Bruderlin and Mullins were led about four miles out of the Superstitions proper into the foothills where they picked up an ancient Spanish trail.

After that, Bruderlin said, it was merely a matter of following Spanish mining symbols hacked into saguaro cacti and chiseled onto scattered boulders.

SEVEN SHAFTS IN AREA

The trail led to a hill set apart. Seven shafts were there—seven abandoned caved-in Spanish mining pits, Bruderlin told International News Service.

"It all seemed so simple—lifting the veil of a century. But it wasn't without its thrills. We came to the top of the hill, and there they were—seven wonderful tumbled-in-shafts. I forgot for a moment that this was the twentieth century."

Bruderlin's find is hailed among Phoenix mining circles as a discovery of paramount importance. Little doubt has been expressed that these are seven of the eight mines worked in the early 1840's by the Peraltas, an Old Mexico mining family.

91 KILLED BY APACHES

Location of the mines was unknown for several years after Don Ramon Peralta, son of Don Miguel Peralta, lower Sonora cattle and silver baron, and more than ninety Mexican mine workers were slaughtered in what Indian lore and Spanish records indicate was one of the bloodiest Apache massacres in Indian history.

How much gold the party was packing in its 200-mule caravan is not known, but $18,000 in gold concentrates was recovered on the massacre site two decades ago.

A number of years after the Apache raid a map to the Peralta mines turned up in the possession of two historically nameless prospectors. Jacob Walz and his partner followed the prospectors into the mountains, but only Walz came out.

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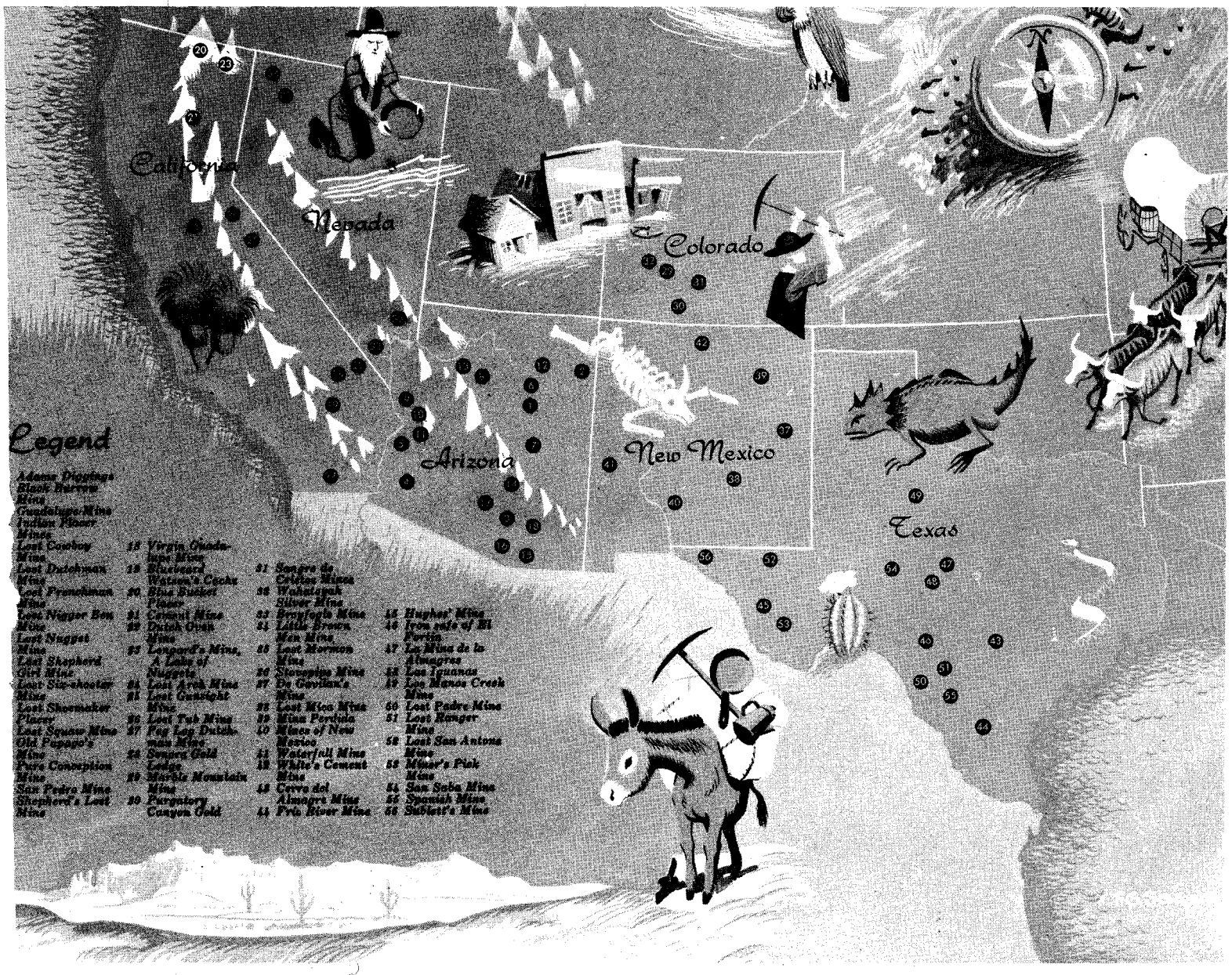

ORE VALUED AT $10,000 A TON

He brought with him ore valued at $10,000 a ton—one of the richest assays in mining history.

In the course of protecting the secret location of the bonanza, Walz is known to have killed eight persons who trailed him into the Superstitions.

Scores of others have died in the passing years hunting for the Lost Dutchman mine—some of thirst in the desert, some at the hands of marauding Indians—and some merely to vanish in the hills, never to be seen again.

BRUDERLIN'S reputed luck has encouraged others to start looking for an estimated sixty billion dollars in lost gold still awaiting lucky prospectors. Dozens of forgotten bonanzas are hidden deep in the soil of the West.

If you could find the Lost Sublett mine in the Guadalupe Mountains of Western Texas, you'd really be in clover. According to old Ben Sublett, the gold was so thick all you had to do was pick it up.

Sublett showed up at Odessa, Texas, around 1891 and quickly earned the reputation of being a crazy prospector. Thanks to that, he was able to wander unmolested through the Apache-ridden Guadalupes, protected by the Indian belief that the insane were the creatures of the Great Manitou.

Then one day, Old Ben burst into Odessa's lone saloon and dumped a sack of gleaming nuggets on the bar. "Where in creation did you get *that?*" a hanger-on asked.

Old Ben winked. "In the mountains!" he cackled, and that was all he would say—he wasn't as crazy as they thought. Attempts were made to follow him, but the best trackers failed.

All the old man ever admitted was, "I don't even need a shovel—and I mine the gold with a rake."

Sublett died around the turn of the century and his gold is still there. Waiting for whom?

So is Pegleg Smith's. He made a rich strike in Southern California and returned time after time to take out ore and to spend it on wild sprees. Experienced old desert rat that he was, Pegleg foiled every attempt to trail him back to his mine. When followed, he would simply camp where there was no water. Then he would move on to still another camp until at last his parched pursuers were driven away by thirst.

Pegleg died shortly before 1870. A deserter from the Army post at Fort Yuma, making his way to San Bernardino on foot, came across the prospector's remains and beside them a bulging sackful of rich gold ore. At this point the curse which descended upon so many gold-hunters intervened—the deserter died, and with him apparently the last slim chance of finding the Lost Pegleg.

MANY another lost bonanza still remains lost. There's the Lee Lost Lode, the Lost Breyfogle, the Lost Dutch Oven, the Lost Frenchman, the Lost Nigger—the list goes on and on. According to Raymond P. Dow, an Eastern authority on lost mines, any one of the diggings would bring life-long ease to its finder.

Before you start looking for that $60 billion in lost gold, it might be a good idea to get yourself an authentic old map. Many fake ones are being offered to anyone foolhardy enough to buy them. Often they're easy enough to spot because they're on new paper. But there are many tricks to cover this up. Map experts, though, can tell you if your map is of recent production.

However, even a genuine map can be worthless. Bruderlin's map had a known point of reference—Weaver's Needle. But others often lack any such starting point, so attempts to use them must certainly fail unless you're lucky enough to

(Continued on page 26)

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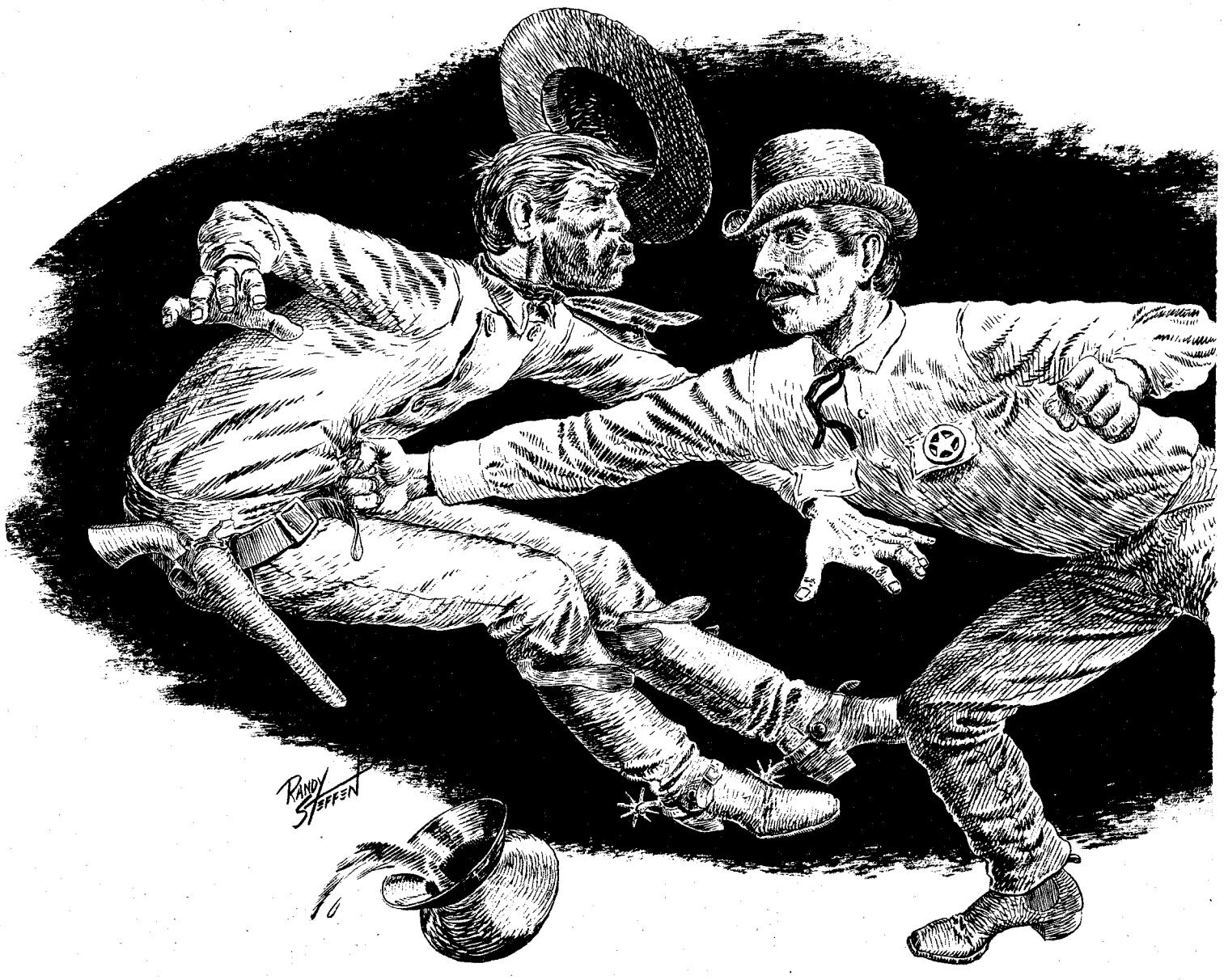

BARE FISTS vs. SIX GUNS

By MICHAEL KENNEDY

UNLIKE HIS chivalrous counterpart on television, the old-time frontier marshal was generally a nervous gent who'd put a .45 slug in your guts if you made a move toward pulling a gun on him. Frequent gun-duels sharpened the marshal's skill, enhanced his prestige and kept the local undertaker busy. This lethal arrangement worked out satisfactorily for everybody but the unlamented deceased. Most marshals followed this bloody pattern throughout their careers. Tom Smith worked differently, pitting his bare fists against the six-guns of law-breakers.

A handsome New York Irishman with the lithe build of a crack light-heavyweight boxer, Smith could have been a success as a prize fighter. Instead, at the age of twenty-four, he joined the New York Police Department and was assigned to a beat on the Bowery.

Policemen patrolling the New York Bowery in the 1860's prided themselves on their fistic ability. A solid belt on the chin softened up an obstreperous hoodlum like magic, and a good officer never used his night-stick unless he was outnumbered three or four to one. Among these hard-punching cops on the tough Bowery beat, Tom Smith soon rated tops. He won his letter in an epic brawl at Slick Charlie's Houston Street cock-fighting joint by cleaning up three plug-ugly Bowery Boys single-handed. He *walked* out of that one, leaving all three unconscious on the dirty sawdust-covered floor. Tom had his lumps too—but most of them were on his knuckles.

After six years on the Bowery, Tom Smith decided that he'd had enough. He headed West in the spring of 1868 to "get some clean air in my lungs" as he grimly expressed it. Dropping off the train at the hell-roaring cattle shipping center of Abilene, Kansas, Tom applied for the job of town marshal. The harried Mayor of Abilene, T. C. Henry, refused to take a chance on a New York tenderfoot to ride herd on hard-bitten cowboys and gamblers; so Smith moved on.

In two years, the Bowery ex-cop built a splendid reputation as a law officer in half-a-dozen wild mushroom towns in Wyoming and Colorado. He won his first job as peace officer and a permanent nickname at Bear River, Wyoming, by standing off a self-styled vigilance committee which had arrested one of Tom's fellow workers on a construction job. For that exploit, Tom was given the job of town marshal. Amazing

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Gun-toting western badmen were no harder to tame than New York Bowery toughs for the fist-fighting marshal, Tom Smith.

Tom's right fist slammed into the cowboy's belly.

Illustrated by RANDY STEFFEN

reports of his unique method of law enforcement drifted back to Abilene, where "the law" was a monstrous joke to the citizens and a rapidly mounting tragedy to Mayor Henry and the City Council. Time after time, the incredible reports insisted, the rock-fisted Irishman stood up to gunmen crazy with rotgut liquor and itching to kill, knocked them down and disarmed them. "Bear River" Tom packed a war-club wallop in each fist, and soon the badmen and trouble-makers learned to behave themselves.

At Abilene, Mayor Henry gave up on his sixth town marshal in a row and wired to Kit Carson, Colorado, for Tom Smith to come and take over. Smith arrived on July 4, 1870.

HENRY briefed the new marshal in his hotel room before bestowing the silver star of office.

"You can't expect to maintain order in Abilene just by using your fists," warned the Mayor. "Every desperado in town packs a gun and is ready to use it. And that goes for the cowboys too, when they're drunk."

"Why not take the guns away from everybody, then?" asked Smith.

Henry shrugged helplessly. "We have a city ordinance on the books right now prohibiting the carrying of pistols. We can't enforce it."

The Irishman accepted the star and carefully pinned it to the flap of his left shirt-pocket. "I'll try to enforce your pistol ordinance for you—and without using a pistol to do it. As I see it, meeting gun-play with gun-play would only make a bad situation worse. You can't convince a man of the value of law and order by shooting him in the belly . . . See you later, Mayor."

A blast of gun-fire attracted Tom first to the Alamo Saloon. He entered, to find a group of Texas cowboys, just in from the Chisholm Trail, engaged in target practice shooting at a playing card tacked to the wall at the end of the bar. One puncher, as tall as Smith but thicker through the shoulders, had reloaded his gun and replaced it in the holster just as the marshal walked in. Tom approached him.

"My name is Smith—the new marshal here. Sorry to spoil your fun, but you fellows are violating a city ordinance against carrying pistols. Turn your guns over to me and you can pick them up at the Mayor's office when you leave town."

The burly Texan was drunk enough to be mean—and dangerous. He weaved slightly in his high-heeled boots, glowering at the trim six-footer facing him. "So you're the new marshal—the rooster who's going to run Abilene from now on!"

Tom moved in close on the cowboy. "Look, mister," he said easily, "be sensible about this and don't make any trouble. Let's have that gun!"

The Texan crouched and stiffened in exaggerated gun-fighter pose. "The hell you say!" he snarled. "No red-haired sonuvabitch wearin' a tin badge is goin' to take *my* gun—"

SWIFTLY his right hand dropped to the butt of his Colt—but the weapon was never drawn. Tom Smith's right fist socked into the cowboy's belly, whipped upward to his chin in a smashing uppercut. The Texan went down hard and stayed down.

Marshal Smith bent over the kayoed trail-rider and lifted his gun. He straightened quickly, ready for further trouble—but the dazed spectators grinned weakly and handed over their six-guns. Tom removed a rawhide thong from his belt, slipped it through the trigger-guards of the weapons and walked out with the collection of hardware clanking at his side.

The citizens of Abilene were deeply impressed by this performance, yet still not convinced that the fist-fighting newcomer was the right man for the marshal's job. Gamblers, reasoning that a man could get lucky *once*, offered even money that he couldn't repeat. A second test was needed to prove whether Tom Smith was a flash in the pan or the tough *hombre* he appeared to be. The townsfolk laid their bets and reserved judgment. They didn't have long to wait.

News of the Texan's humiliating downfall reached the ears of one Wyoming Frank, a self-advertised badman, camped with fellow trail-riders on Chapman Creek northeast of town. Frank, fortified by several snorts of redeye, offered to bet twenty dollars that the new "fist-fightin' marshal" could not bulldoze **him!** One of Frank's comrades, a gent who had observed the new marshal in action at the Alamo Saloon, quickly covered the bet. Buckling on two guns, Frank mounted his horse and headed for town whooping like a Comanche. Two of his pals rode along to see the fun when greenhorn Tom Smith got what was coming to him.

The bold trio stalked into the Lone Star Saloon, where Frank bought a round of drinks and loudly announced his intention of running the new marshal plumb out of town. Nobody objected, so the boys left the Lone Star to hunt down their victim. Up Texas Street they marched three abreast, with Frank bellowing for Tom Smith to "show yore ugly face or git out of town like any other polecat!"

PATROLLING Texas Street on horseback, Smith heard his name shouted in this unflattering manner and dismounted. Tying his horse to the hitch-rail in front of the Old Fruit Saloon, Tom strolled unhurriedly to meet the name-caller face to face.

Frank's supporters caught sight of the oncoming marshal first—and both faded

(*Continued on page 30*)

"Bear River" Tom Smith, first efficient Marshal of Abilene, Kansas, in 1870, won his soubriquet at Bear River, Wyoming.

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For centuries, the peaceful Acoma Indians have lived in their rock-walled stronghold known as the

CITY IN THE SKY

By MARK McMILLAN

TRAVELING west from Albuquerque, on U.S. Highway 66, the motorist soon comes to the Laguna Indian Reservation and Acoma, famous as the "oldest home of the first Americans occupied continuously to the present day." But long before he reaches the pueblo, he will see in the far distance the Rock of Acoma, a sandstone mesa towering up from a wide enchanted valley and with cliffs three miles wide on either side of the Rock.

This celebrated mesa, the home of pueblo Indians since before 1000 A.D., is almost 400 feet high. Even today it houses 600 tribesmen who use the ancient, steep rock-cut trail to descend to their crops and herds of cattle, horses and sheep, just as their ancestors did centuries ago. In that long-ago period, the Indians chose to build their city in the sky as a protection against their fierce, war-like neighbors. Today they continue to live there, because it is home, and the Acomas are an intensely home-loving people.

This unique City in the Sky has had a wild and turbulent history. In 1540, Coronado and his explorers were the first Europeans to see this high-perched city, along with other New Mexican pueblos. In 1581, Espejo described the snake dances he witnessed there, hosts and visitors on most friendly terms.

In 1598, Juan de Zoldivar and thirty soldiers on an exploring trip camped at the base of the cliff and were invited up the narrow trail to the village. Several soldiers accepted the invitation and eagerly inspected the three great blocks of terrace houses, each block 1000 feet long and three stories high. But while viewing the rock reservoirs for holding rain and snow water, they became separated, were set upon and hacked to death—all but five who fought their way to the steep cliff and jumped over, falling 150 feet to the sands and rocks below.

One soldier was killed outright, but the four injured men were nursed back to health by their cautious comrades who had remained in camp. Under orders of Zoldivar, the men dispersed to warn other Spaniards scattered from New Mexico to San Gabriel, California. On January 21, 1599, after marching for eleven days from the California mission, soldiers converged on Acoma to punish the inhabitants for their first show of resistance to the invaders.

The Acomas met the Spanish order to abandon their City in the Sky with shouts of insult. Reinforced by Navajo allies from the valley, the Acomas felt their rocky fortress was impregnable. They reckoned without the military skill of the war-trained Spaniards, who resorted to strategy to conquer the Indians.

On the morning of January 22, the attackers made a feint at storming the north end of the mesa. The night before, thirteen picked soldiers had slowly threaded their way up the south mesa, dragging after them their one piece of heavy artillery, a *pedrero*, or mountain howitzer. Here they concealed themselves among the rocks, temporarily halted by a narrow, dizzy gulf separating them from the village.

The Spaniards cut down a pine tree and, at daybreak, placed it across the abyss and dashed out single-file. They

Two Acoma Indians herding a pair of burros up the trail to the "Sky City," situated on the 400-foot high rock of Acoma, a huge sandstone tableland.

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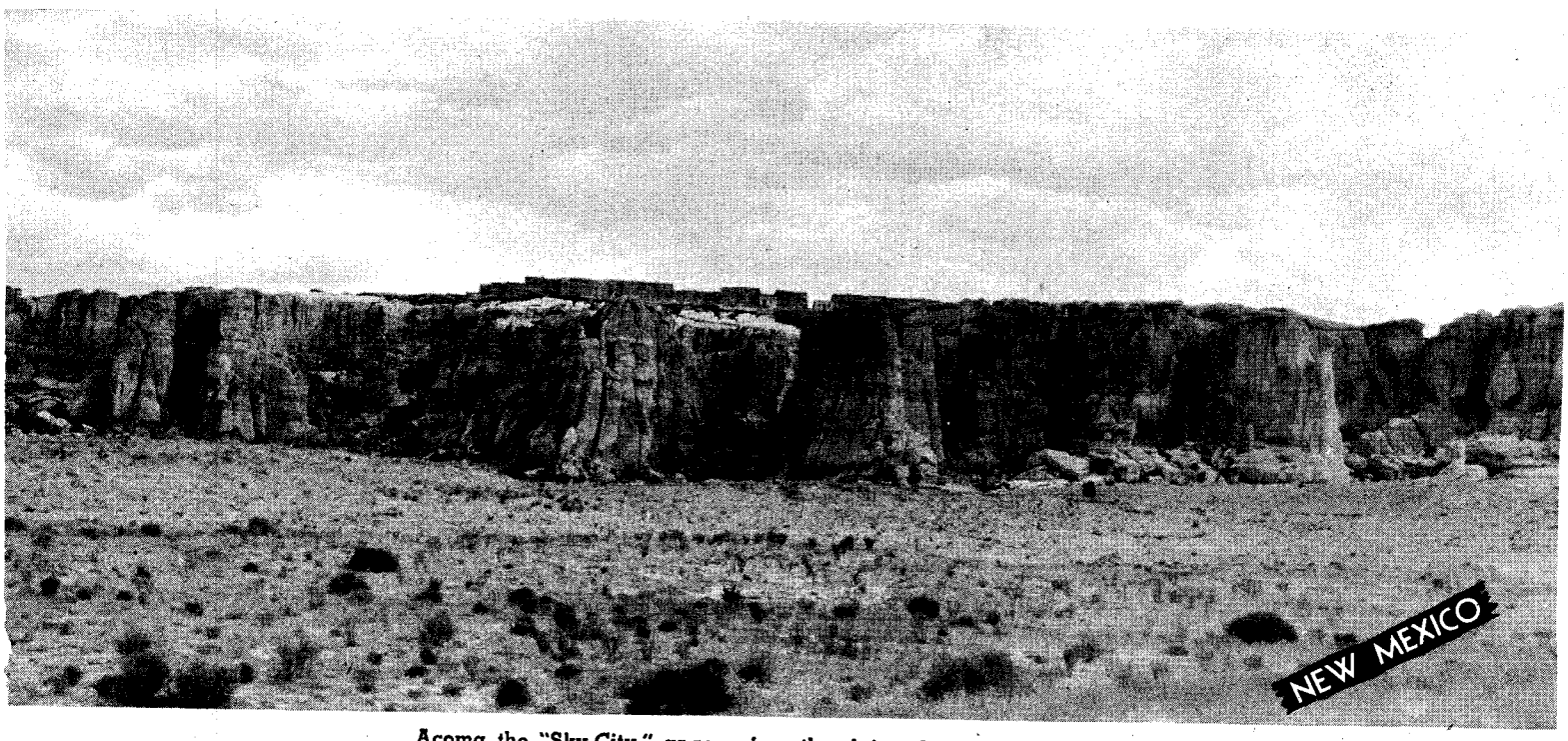

Acoma, the "Sky City," as seen from the plains about a mile away.

crossed the pine tree bridge in the face of a rain of stones and arrows, and set upon the Indian defenders with bayonets. Twelve crossed safely, but the thirteenth, in the excitement of battle, inadvertently pulled the rope holding the log in place and left it dangling at the far end. Instantly, the twelve isolated soldiers were set upon by the screeching Indians.

Far below, Zoldivar and his remaining men watched in horror. Then a hero appeared. Captain Gaspar de Villegram, slender young poet and college graduate, jumped the abyss, knotted his *reata* to the butt of the balancing log; then threw the *reata* to his comrades. They dragged the log back into place, and Zoldivar and his men came rushing to the aid of their desperate comrades across the makeshift bridge. Outnumbered more than ten to one, the Spaniards drove the Indians back into their fortress homes; then took time to entrench themselves and bring up the howitzer.

For three days, the howitzer pounded the rock and adobe houses. Several of the Indians managed to escape by flinging themselves over the cliffs under cover of darkness. On the third day of continuous bombardment, the whole pueblo lay in ruins. The old tribesmen begged for a truce, which was granted. Five hundred Indians lay dead, including most of their leaders and Navajo allies. Every Spaniard remaining alive was wounded. All the food stores had been destroyed. The entire pueblo had to be rebuilt. The Indians went to work, laboriously dragging up the steep trails massive timbers cut in the distant forests, and huge stones gathered from the valley below.

The Acomas never forgot this "greatest battle ever fought in New Mexico." When, in 1628, they saw the mild-mannered Franciscan missionary, Fray Juan Ramirez, approaching the mesa all alone and armed only with a crucifix, they filled the air with stones and arrows. Then a strange thing happened.

In the excitement, a little Indian girl fell from the cliff. Father Ramirez, who had walked all the way from Santa Fe to convert the Acomas, picked the child up and carried her alive but badly injured up the steep trail. The Indians, impressed by this good deed, received him as a good omen. Here the *padre* lived for more than twenty years, teaching the Indians the way of God and building the great Church in the Sky, which is in many ways the most unusual church in America. The steep, rock-cut trail up which Fray Ramirez climbed is still know as *Camino del Padre,* or Trail of the Father. When Father Ramirez died in 1664, his flock was the gentlest pueblo in New Mexico and one of the most civilized.

Despite the civilizing influence of the good priests, all the pueblos united in one great rebellion against the Spanish conquerors in 1680. Many missionaries were killed, including the one at Acoma, and the great church was destroyed. At last, in 1700, a lasting peace was established. The church was

(*Continued on page* 39)

Typical scene in the plaza, near the old mission church, at the Acoma Pueblo.

This church, unique on the American continent and the largest in the Southwest, is the old Acoma mission situated in the Sky City.

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Nobody could ride that man-killing Geronimo horse.

Nobody, that is, except

THE BRONC-BUSTER FROM TEXAS

By MILBURN C. HARPER

Illustrated by RANDY STEFFEN

THE instant I saw that chunky little rider climb on the cattle chute fence, I had a presentiment that I knew him. I was sure he had not been around Kiowa before—but he sure looked familiar to me.

During the spring and summer of 1901, before the Kiowa country was opened to white settlement, I was employed as agent for the Rock Island Railroad at Kiowa Station, now Hobart, Oklahoma. Kiowa was the principal cattle shipping station in that western country at that time. The railroad maintained large cattle shipping pens there.

Saturdays and Sundays saw large droves of range horses being driven to the railroad stock pens for breaking as both cow ponies and work horses. The bronc-busting brought cowboys, cattlemen, and Indians from many miles around.

Riding started early on Saturday and Sunday mornings and continued throughout the day. There was much rivalry among riders, and betting was heavy. The young riders got first chance at breaking the wild ones, and some of those babies got real rough. After several rounds of busting broncs for cow pony use, larger animals were broken for use as work horses. These bigger broncs required seasoned riders—and some of the best riders were thrown and hurt.

Word went around town that a young outlaw stallion called Geronimo would be in the Kiowa pens for the third time. His owner wanted him broken not only for breeding purposes but for safety to other range horses. Geronimo was mighty tough—he had thrown and busted up half-a-dozen riders.

One of my guests at that time was ex-Governor Richards, U.S. Assistant Secretary of the Interior. His party settled down in tents on the railroad right-of-way near the depot. The Secretary spent a good deal of time in my office during his stay in Kiowa. He and his staff were greatly interested in the bronc-riding contests.

This particular Sunday the Secretary came in and remarked: "Seems like a good day for the contests. There's a lot of horses in the stock pens and it won't be too hot. Let's get over early."

"All right," I told the Secretary. "Let's go over and find a seat on the fence before it's covered with folks like a telegraph wire with blackbirds!"

When we arrived at the pens, the Secretary noticed three men sitting off by themselves on the fence. They were talking earnestly. That's when I spotted the chunky fellow, one of the three, whose face was very familiar to me. I saw many cowboys watching them curiously, and heard them asking each other: "Who are these fellows?" Not even the oldtimers knew them, it appeared.

One leathery old cowpuncher remarked: "If those boys are bronc-busters, I'll bet that little short-legged monkey couldn't ride a billy goat!"

SECRETARY RICHARDS and I watched a few contests, then walked around the pens. We came to a fine young stallion in a pen all by himself. The Secretary looked him over with the eye of a horseman and declared: "This one will be hell to break. Just look at the muscles on him!"

I remembered seeing this stallion in the pens before. Several riders had tried to top him and one had taken a bad fall.

Soon the very stud we'd been admiring was driven into the riding arena, and a mighty yell went up from the crowd. "Geronimo!"

The owner, a ranchman from southwest of Kiowa, mounted the fence and waved his hat to attract attention.

"Boys, I've brought Geronimo here for the third time," he announced. "He's thrown every rider that topped him—and hurt some of 'em pretty bad. I want him broken. First, because he's vicious and has killed more than one stud. He's too dangerous to be left in a herd on the range. Second, he has the blood, looks and makeup for a good breeding stallion. I'm offering one hundred dollars to the man who can stay with him long enough to wear him down. However, I will not be responsible for damage done to any rider attempting to ride him. This is strictly up to the man who wants the hundred dollars bad enough to risk his neck getting it."

The cowboys whooped at the offer, and then started collecting money among themselves to add to the purse. Finally, they got up another hundred to add to the ranchman's hundred as prize money for the man who successfully topped and cowed Geronimo.

Secretary Richards and I walked over to where the boys were talking to the ranchman. The three strangers had just left his side when we arrived. The ranchman climbed the fence at once and made this announcement:

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Like a charge of dynamite exploding, Geronimo quit the earth in a body-shaking leap.

"I have the pleasure to announce that Jobe Smith, of Colonel Hughes' Red River Ranch in North Texas, is about to tackle Geronimo! May he be the man to do the job."

All around us we heard folks asking: "Who is Jobe Smith?"

Aided by his two buddies, Jobe got his own saddle adjusted to his height and size. He was a little gent—standing barely five feet four.

GERONIMO was lassoed, tied to the fence and saddled. Jobe got on the fence and jumped aboard the stud from the top rail. Geronimo was turned loose. Jobe, with a wild cowboy yell, slammed his spurs home in the stallion's flanks.

At the rake of cold steel, Geronimo grunted and seemed to squat. For the space of a long breath he held that stance, as if gripped by some tremendous muscular pain. Then suddenly, like a charge of dynamite exploding, he quit the earth in a body-shaking leap that put the saddle skirts to popping.

He went straight up and high that first jump, tucked head and tail, and came down the same way. We heard the sledgehammer blows of his feet striking the earth and the loud *whoomp* the air made in his belly as he landed.

Then he took out across the corral, grunting and bawling and pitching, his leaps not so high now, but faster and harder, his every jump calculated to whipsnap the saddle against his rider's rump with pile-driver force.

It wasn't the flashy, high-rolling, body-twisting sort of pitching that makes a great show but seldom hurts a man if he can stick with his saddle. It was the heavy, choppy, bone-jarring kind that will set a man's nose and ears to bleeding, the kind that's been known to kill riders while still in the saddle.

But it didn't kill Jobe. It didn't even set his nose to bleeding. He sat his saddle like a monkey, always there, always spurring and yelling and waving his hat, yet never quite there either in time to catch solid those spine-shattering blows of the snapping saddle.

Around and around they went. The horse, having lived on the open range, running and fighting, had the power and the wind, and he used it. But it was all wasted effort. Jobe was still there when Geronimo began to tire, spurring him again, forcing him to expend all the strength and fight that was left in him. Finally, in a lather of sweat, Geronimo gave it up. He stood in his tracks, panting and heaving, while little rivers of sweat ran down the insides of his legs. He could only wince when Jobe tried to spur more fight out of him.

The Secretary turned to me and said: "That is the damndest bronc-rider I ever saw!"

The owner came up and bridled his horse without trouble; then turned to Jobe and handed him the hundred dollars.

(*Continued on page* 38)

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It took a long time for the U. S. Government to bring the Republic of Rough-and-Ready to terms.

Rough-and-Ready's 100 Year

THE onetime "Republic of Rough-and-Ready" has made peace at last in its 100-year war with the U. S. A.—at least with the U. S. Post Office Department—and conditions of the "treaty" included the recent reopening of that remote mining town's fourth-class post office. Thus closes a fantastic incident involving a century-long "cold" war that had its spectacular beginning in the rip-roaring days of '49 when the lust for gold and political power were the prime concerns of western empire builders.

The hamlet of Rough-and-Ready, situated four miles from Grass Valley, California, in the heart of the Mother Lode country, was a teeming gold mining camp in 1849-50 and lived up to its bellicose name in every respect. It was founded by Captain Townsend, who named the place after General Zachary ("Old Rough-and-Ready") Taylor.

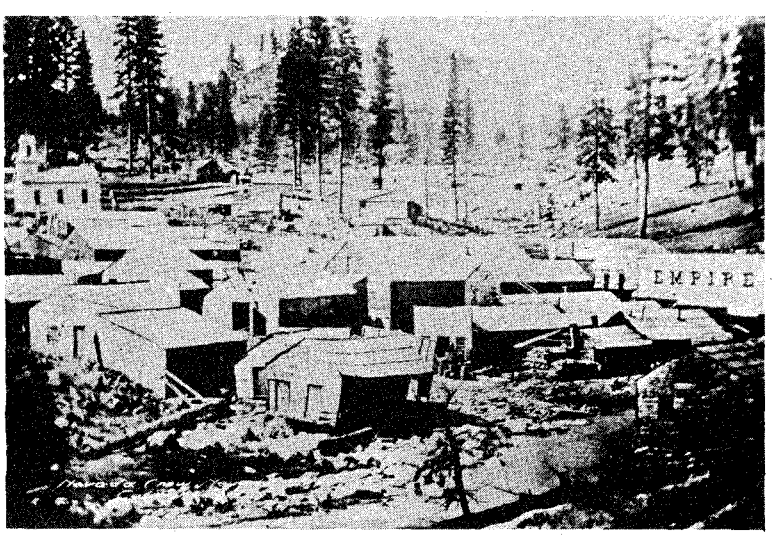
Townsend settled there with a company of pioneers from Wisconsin in 1849. Gold was found in abundance on the very day of the Townsend party's arrival, but all efforts to keep the fact a secret were unavailing. In a matter of weeks a clapboard town sprang up and the more than 500 inhabitants had staked claims for miles around.

Gold fever ran so high that mourners at a funeral once deserted the services to stake claims all over the local cemetery before the corpse was even buried. The loose dirt thrown out of the grave had revealed a rich prospect.

When the first white woman arrived in Rough-and-Ready, she was accorded a truly golden reception by the dashing men of the community. All the masculine population gathered to meet the stage and poured into her lap the first riffles of gold dust taken that day from the long toms and sluice boxes. The lady, Mrs. James S. Dunlavy, received 21 ounces of gold.

It was the arrival of Mrs. Dunlavy that proved to be the tremendous trifle which ultimately evolved into the protracted feud with the Federal Government—though the lady herself was merely an innocent tool of circumstances.

JAMES S. DUNLAVY, a missionary sent west several years before to guide the religious activities of Rough-and-Ready's hard-bitten miners, achieved a classic reversal of form by opening the community's first liquor store and followed up shortly with a resplendent billiard-drinking-gambling emporium. Business flourished mightily, and Mrs. Dunlavy made the journey west to join her husband in his new-found vocation.



Nevada City, the town that caused neighboring Rough-and-Ready to secede from the U.S.A., as it looked in 1849 when the short-lived rebellion occurred.

Glowing accounts of her golden welcome traveled fast to reach the ears of other eastern womenfolk, many of whom hastened to follow her example and migrated forthwith to the boom town to marry the prosperous gold hunters.

With arrival of the feminine touch, Rough-and-Ready soon shed many of its mining camp aspects and was transformed into a community of more substantial virtues. Civic interest blossomed and the village became the county seat and largest settlement in the area. Thus, under the influence of Mrs. Dunlavy and the influx of other housewives, the town became relatively staid for a place of that character and era. But as subsequent events proved, there remained plenty of individualism still burning beneath the newly-acquired broadcloth coats of the menfolk.

It looked as if Rough-and-Ready would grow into a political center for the entire Mother Lode country. Some optimists even hoped it might someday be a real metropolis, perhaps eventually become the capital of California.

But this was not to be. An opposing faction from Nevada City, another fast-growing town about ten miles to the southeast, pulled a political coup, snatched the county government from beneath the noses of Rough-and-Ready's citizens, and had the act ratified by territorial authorities in Washington, D. C.

To Rough-and-Ready, this was a disaster comparable to a Pearl Harbor debacle. A council meeting was called to order in Jim Dunlavy's barroom to map appropriate strategy. It was attended by every male citizen of voting age, and all were "greatly outraged at the turn of events," according to history accounts of the time.

Feeling ran higher and higher as community leaders voiced their indignation at the U. S. Government for its recognition of Nevada City's unethical shenanigans. Then Dunlavy inadvertently lit the fuse to the political powder keg.

"Boys," he announced, "this situation is going to take a lot of time to unravel. Now we're all mighty thirsty and I think we can arrive at a plan of action a danged sight faster if we oil our brains with a little whiskey. Therefore, as proprietor of Rough-and-Ready's foremost saloon, I hereby donate to the cause a full barrel of red-eye! Drink hearty, boys, and down with Nevada City—down with the U. S. Government, too!"

Evolution of events followed in quick order. Within an hour half the whiskey was gone, the council had voted unanimously to secede from California Territory and the United States of America at large. Every duly authorized Federal employee in town streaked it for the hills in fear of their lives, while mobs of irate-and-inebriated citizens howled at their heels. Government records were seized and burned, the post office attacked. Undelivered mail was flung into the gutter and all Federal-owned furniture smashed into kindling.

Next day the parched-tongued parliament met again to form a new state—and to finish the remaining half-barrel of whiskey. It was officially proclaimed that henceforth the Republic of Rough-and-Ready would be an independent sovereign state and would do business with all the world as such. The meeting was adjourned before a president and permanent governing body could be chosen or an identifying flag decided upon.

Meanwhile, the womenfolk were deeply concerned at the goings-on but dared to take no action to quell the disorder because they fully realized their men were in no mood for petticoat interference.

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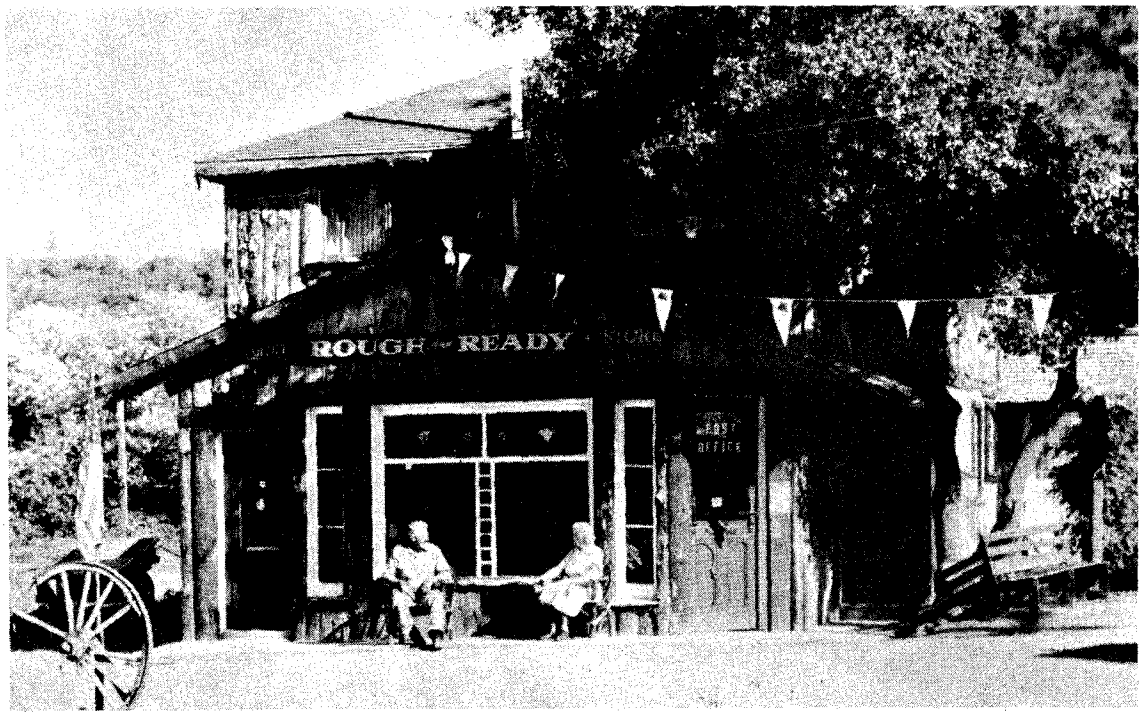
CALIFORNIA

War

By DOUGLAS NELSON RHODES

Photos Courtesy Andy Rogers



The Rough-and-Ready Post Office as it appears today. Mrs. Andrew Rogers, Postmistress, is shown seated (right) with her husband, who is a historian and author of Mother Lode country lore.

On the third day of the Republic of Rough-and-Ready's secession, however, the girls gathered in little groups to compare notes. Every man in town was suffering from a colossal hangover and obviously in no condition to resist successfully a counter offensive. The housewives thereupon seized this opportunity to retrieve Rough-and-Ready for the U. S. A. by destroying every drop of liquor left in town and then brought the men immediately to terms by threatening to leave town en masse.

Thus, was the rebellion quelled without the firing of a shot. But the U. S. Post Office Department took a dim view of the whole thing and was not willing to forget and forgive the incident so readily, even if the contrite citizens of Rough-and-Ready were once more law abiding. From that day, back in 1849 until recent months, Rough-and-Ready has remained in the official doghouse of the government for bookkeeping reasons. The Post Office Department couldn't balance its accounts on the town's postal business. Records showed that several hundred dollars had to be spent to repair and replace government property to make the local station function again and nearly a century later the Post Office Department was still out the money.

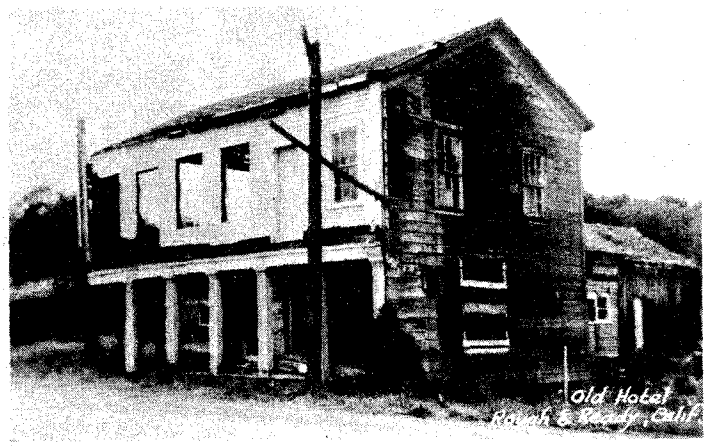
COLLAPSE of the gold boom and a series of disastrous fires during the 1850's cut Rough-and-Ready down to size. From a top population of around 600 in 1850, it was down to 24 houses in 1870. By 1940, the population was about 100. Several times during the intervening decades it dropped below this number, and each time the Post Office Department promptly closed the local office, to grudgingly reopen it later whenever the population count climbed back to 100 inhabitants. It was operated on a limited basis until 1942 when the Department used World War II as an excuse and closed it down again.

Present day citizens of the hamlet petitioned for reopening and thereupon discovered the historic reason for the Department's official "grudge" against their community. The whole thing was settled quickly and amicably once the situation was revealed. The town has officially "capitulated" and agreed to reimburse the government for damage costs and disruption of service a hundred years ago. The Department can now close its books on the incident and all is forgiven.

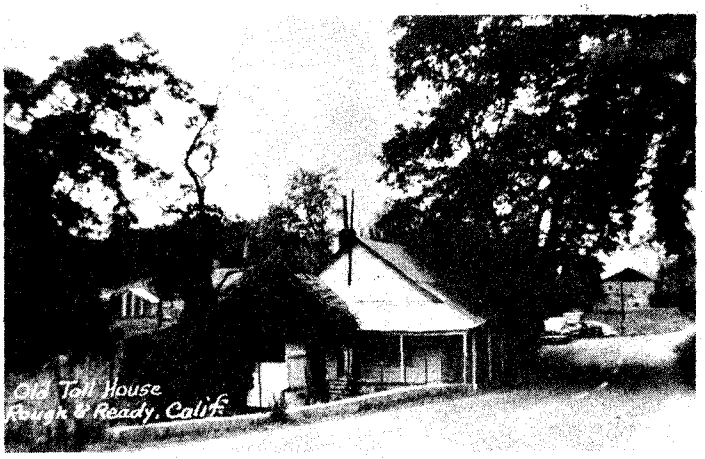
In return, a new fourth-class post office opened recently with a paid postmistress on duty. She is Mrs. Andrew W. Rogers, who forsook domesticity to take the post.

Apparently, the Federal Government feels more confident in having a woman at the helm of things in Rough-and-Ready. After all, had it not been for the womenfolk maybe the Republic of Rough-and-Ready would still be outside the Union.

But the men of the community aren't so sure. They point out that if it hadn't been for the arrival of Mrs. Dunlavy and other girls in 1849 the place would no doubt have remained a rough mining camp without political ambitions. In that event nobody would have given a hoot where the territorial authorities had located the county seat, and therefore there never would have been a hundred year "war" to cause all this commotion.



It was in this now-crumbling building that the Rough-and-Ready rebellion occurred in 1849. Jim Dunlavy's saloon, scene of the historic occasion, occupied the ground floor.



This is Rough-and-Ready's main street today. The old toll house is in the foreground. It was also the Wells-Fargo office and stage depot in the town's old rip-roaring days.

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CHILDREN of the RAVEN

By NORMAN B. WILTSEY

Illustrated by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

Synopsis of Part One:

FOLLOWING the great Peace Treaty between the white men and the Plains tribes at Fort Laramie, in 1851, the Crows held a secret council of their own. Awarded the heartland of their Yellowstone country by the terms of the Laramie treaty, the Crows decided at their own council to remain loyal to the white men no matter what happened in the future.

The young Crow Chief, Plenty Coups, warned his people of coming war when, in 1875, the whites discovered gold in the Black Hills—the sacred Paha Sapa of the Sioux.

"The yellow metal drives white men mad," Plenty Coups warned the tribal leaders in council. "They will swarm into the sacred mountains of the Sioux—and that will bring war. The white soldiers will need scouts—Crow scouts. And when the war is over, the soldier-chiefs will not forget that the Crows came to their aid."

The council listened to the young Chief, agreed that he spoke truth, and voted to supply the soldier-chiefs with all the scouts they needed.

CONCLUSION

IN the spring of 1876, General Gibbon came to Plenty Coups' village on the Rosebud to ask the Crows' help against the hostiles. The Limping Soldier—as Gibbon was known to the Crows—received promise of aid, and twenty warriors went with him as a token force when he returned to his own camp to await The-other-one (General Terry) and Son-of-the-morning-star (General Custer).

The Crows moved next day to Grapevine Creek, and here two scouts from General Crook's command came to ask their assistance in the campaign then shaping up against the three enemy tribes. One of the men was Crook's Chief of Scouts,

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The Crows and Shoshones stood over the fallen Captain Henry, fighting off the maddened Sioux.

Frank Grouard; known to the Crows as Left Hand. A council was called, and the scouts announced that Three-stars (General Crook) was camped on Goose Creek with many soldiers and needed the Crows' help to whip the enemy. Plenty Coups recalled the occasion vividly for his white biographer, Frank Linderman, more than a half century later:

"We listened," declared Plenty Coups, "until they had finished all they had come to say. Then I spoke: 'Let us help this man,' I said. 'His Wolves (scouts) here say that he has many soldiers in his camp, and with them we shall whip our old enemies. Besides, we shall make the white man our friend. This is a fight for future peace, and I will carry the pipe (act as leader) for all who will go with me to the village of Three-stars.' "

"One hundred and thirty-five young men offered themselves, and we got ready at once. Alligator-stands-up was our war chief, and besides him there were many good men in our party. The Bighorn River was bankfull, but we were happy and before night were across it with camp made to kill buffalo for supplies. Two days after this we came to the hills that look down on the flat at Goose Creek. I shall never forget what I saw there. It was nearly midday and countless little tents were in straight rows in the green grass and there were nearly as many fires. Blue soldiers were everywhere. I could not count the wagons and horses and mules . . .

"The Wolves of Three-stars had seen us and told him we were coming. Even before we dismounted to dress up and paint ourselves for war a bugle sang a war-song in the soldiers' village, after which many blue men began running about. Then, under our very eyes, and so quickly we could scarcely believe them, countless blue legs were walking together; fine horses in little bands that were all of one color were dancing to the songs of shining horns and drums. Oh, what a sight I saw there on Goose Creek that day in the sunlight! My heart sang with the shining horns of the blue soldiers in Three-stars' village.

"Our faces painted, we put on our war-bonnets and sprang upon our horses. We gave the Crow war-whoop, and firing our guns in the air, dashed down the hill."

It was indeed a great day for the Crows and Plenty Coups. General Crook and his officers reviewed the racing warriors, standing stiffly at attention until the wild band had circled the village at top speed. Then the soldiers fired volleys in salute until the excited braves calmed down enough to go into camp near Crooks' headquarters. The General at once sent Grouard to Plenty Coups' lodge to invite the Chief to his tent.

CROOK shook hands warmly with the young Crow leader. "I am glad you have come," he assured Plenty Coups. "I have waited for you and Chief Washakie of the Shoshones. I am now three days late."

The day was warm and the two men sat down together under a tree. Grouard acted as interpreter.

"We will wait here today," declared the General. "I am expecting a message from Elk River, and besides I expect Washakie and his children this afternoon . . . As soon as Washakie comes we will start. I will wait no longer for the message. I am already three days late."

Even as Crook spoke there sounded outside of camp the Shoshone war-whoop.

"Three-stars spoke to a chief near him and the chief went away from us," recalled Plenty Coups. "Quickly a bugle sang, and soldiers ran about, horses made dust, and out of it came the same beautiful sight we Crows had seen from the hills."

"I ran to our camp with the news, and instantly we mounted to help the soldiers welcome Washakie and his children. Guns cracked, horses ran, war-bonnets fanned in the wind, and the shining horns and drums of the soldiers sang for the Shoshones as they had for us. We joined our red brothers, who looked very handsome indeed, with their faces painted for war and their bonnets blowing about, like our own. Twice we rode around the village, and twice the guns of the soldiers spoke together, while our own were yelping like coyotes, no two together. Three-stars' heart was singing when he led Washakie and me to the shade, where he said over the words he had spoken to me. His soldiers were laughing and giving presents to the Crows and Shoshones, who were dancing the war-dance to their own drums, many, many of them, beating as one. Their hearts were full, yet light as breath-feathers, while we looked at such numbers of fighting men—white and red—together. Never again shall I see such a sight." *(Continued on following page)*

Chief Plenty Coups in the prime of life.

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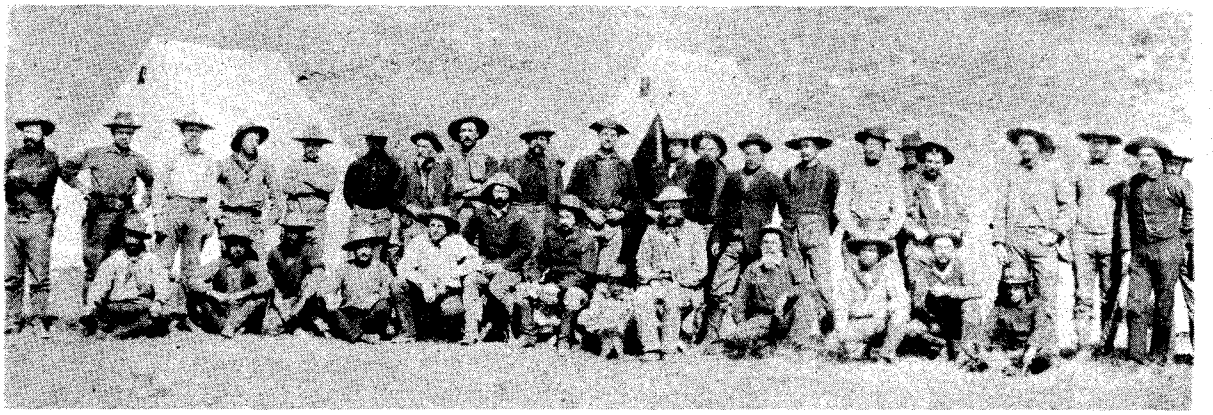

General Crook, staff and interpreters. The General is sitting in the center, with white helmet on.

"We can whip the Sioux, the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes—whip anybody in the world, I said to myself, as I looked at the countless men and guns and horses in Three-stars' village that day on Goose Creek. But I was wrong! And—as Washakie and I were with him—we **all** got whipped good on the Rosebud, as you shall see."

"Many of us had cartridge guns now, and the soldiers gave us whole boxes of cartridges, cans of powder, and more balls than we could carry. My own people were always out of either powder or lead. We could make arrows for our bows, but we could not make powder or lead for our guns. But now everybody had more than he needed, more than he could use. And besides cartridges and powder, the soldiers gave us hard bread and bacon—too much of it. They had wagons filled with such things, and the soldiers were generous men. We had everything we wanted and were in good condition to fight."

"I suppose Three-stars had his Wolves out on the hills. I know mine were out and had already seen the enemy. The country was alive with Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. I told Three-stars about it, because I did not know his ways. He only said: 'We shall move in the morning. I hope to get a message from Elk River tonight.' "

"I am certain no message came to him that night or any other time. None could have reached him. No messenger could have lived between us and Elk River (Yellowstone). The enemy was like lice on a robe there and hot for battle."

PLENTY COUPS suspected that Crook had not scouted the swarming enemy thoroughly, and the Chief's fears were well founded. Crow scouts, fearful of the dangerous situation, begged Plenty Coups to warn Crook against proceeding down the Rosebud. Crazy Horse, the fighting genius of the Sioux, barred the way with his fierce Oglalas augmented by hundreds of warriors from the Hunkpapas, Minniconjous, Brules and other divisions of the tribe. Cheyennes and Arapahoes swelled the ranks of the hostiles to about 1000 braves. Crook, with 1100 troops at his command plus 260 Indians and hoping to effect a juncture with Gibbon and Custer within two days, decided to drive boldly down the Rosebud straight at the massed forces of the allied tribes. Plenty Coups advised entering the Little Bighorn Valley instead, but Crook—a stubborn commander to put it charitably—ignored the Chief's counsel. The advance began at once, with Plenty Coups and his Wolves fanning out ahead of the column accompanied by Alligator-stands-up and Washakie and his Shoshones. The Indians had lost confidence in Crook's ability as a leader, but hoped for the best anyway. The head of the long strung-out column hit the headwaters of the Rosebud on June 16, 1876.

Plenty Coups, first in the valley with his scouts, instantly spotted three buzzards circling above a spot two miles off. Marking the center of their circle, the Chief rode fast to the spot on the ground and discovered two fine horses shot to death and stripped of saddles and bridles. Both were iron-shod; they were cavalry horses. Now Plenty Coups knew why Three-stars had received no news from his friends on Elk River; both messengers had been killed by the hostiles. The Chief remained concealed in the brush near the bodies of the horses, watching the country until Crook and his staff came riding up. The General ordered a search to be made for the missing bodies of the messengers, and rode on to locate a suitable camping site. The search was made but the bodies were not found.

At sunset the entire outfit camped in the valley against the urgent warning of Plenty Coups. The Chief lay awake in his robe that night listening to the coyote yelps of enemy scouts in the hills and thinking dismally of the narrow canyon just below the camp and the troops' bad stand for a fight. The mournful hooting of owls supplemented the coyote calls after midnight, and Plenty Coups realized that warriors of the three tribes were thick around the camp. Unable to sleep, the Chief left his robe and went among his men to

Vice-President Charles Curtis with Chief Plenty Coups, upon Curtis' induction into the Crow Nation.

General George Crook; known as Gray Wolf or Three-stars to the Indians.

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wake them and bid them prepare for battle. He found most of them as wakeful and restless as himself.

"The signs are bad," Plenty Coups told his braves. "The eyes of Three-stars are blind to danger, and many of us may die tomorrow. Look well to your weapons and remember that you are Crows."

Alligator-stands-up, painting his face black in expectation of early death, paused in his careful task to somberly reply: "Do not fear, my brother. Our guns are loaded and ready—and we will not forget that we are Crows!"

NEAR daybreak the troops were on the move down the ominous valley, the wary Crows leading the way. Shortly after sunup, the enemy Wolves met the Crows in a brief, sharp skirmish. One Crow fell wounded from his saddle, and Plenty Coups signalled retreat. The scouts dashed back to a spring where Crook lazed on a blanket, playing cards with his officers.

Quickly, Crook swung his main column into line behind the screening Indians and the battle was on. Somehow the General got it into his head that there was a great village at the other end of the canyon six miles away, and he determined to drive through the hostiles and destroy it. There was no village to destroy, and the remarkable misconception almost cost Crook his entire command.

Playing his weird hunch to the hilt, Crook sent troops to occupy the bluffs north of the Rosebud River, intending later to advance on the mythical "village." Captain Mills led the charge on the right of the line, and gives a vivid description of the operation in his published autobiography, *My Story*:

"These Indians were most hideous, every one being painted in most hideous colors and designs, stark naked except for their moccasins, breechclouts and headgear, the latter consisting of feathers and horns; some of the horses also being painted, and the Indians proved then and there that they were the best cavalry soldiers on earth. In charging up to us they exposed little of their person, hanging on with one arm around the neck and leg over the horse, firing and lancing from underneath the horses' necks, so that there was no part of the Indian at which we could aim.

"Their shouting and personal appearance was so hideous that it terrified the horses more than our men and rendered them almost uncontrollable before we dismounted and placed them behind the rocks.

"The Indians came not in a line but in flocks or herds like the buffalo, and they piled in upon us until I think there must have been one thousand or fifteen hundred in our immediate front, but they refused to fight when they found us secured behind the rocks, and bore off to our left. I then charged the second ridge, and took it in the same manner and fortified myself with the horses protected behind the larger boulders and the men behind the smaller ones . . . On our right we were absolutely protected by the jagged and rough places down to the Rosebud Canyon, so we were most fortunate in securing this position."

IN all this furious action the Crows and Shoshones were ceaselessly active. Not in holding a section of the battle-line—Indians, very sensibly, didn't fight that way—but in constantly harrying the enemy by sneak end runs and sudden frontal dashes. In particular, they strove to cut off important chiefs and leaders, and in one instance were frustrated only by the cool courage of a young Cheyenne girl.

The Cheyenne chief, Comes-in-Sight, was left helpless between the lines when his horse was shot from under him. The Crows spotted his predicament instantly and raced their ponies toward him. The chief had bravely turned to face the onrushing warriors when his sister, Buffalo Calf Road Woman, galloped out from behind the rocks on her pony to rescue him. The screeching Crows were only a few yards away when the intrepid girl reached her brother's side and helped him aboard her mount. Cheyenne braves charged out from cover to drive back the Crows, and both brother and sister reached safety.

Admiringly, Plenty Coups called this exploit by a woman one of the bravest deeds he ever witnessed in his long lifetime.

Never had Indians fought with such concentrated fury as they displayed in this battle: the allied tribes in rage and frustration over broken treaties and stolen lands; the Crows and Shoshones in desperate defense of their lives and the lives of the beleaguered white men.

Riding like demons, the hostiles hurled charge after charge at Crook's line. His left flank was quickly cut to pieces by whooping warriors who bested the soldiers in savage hand-to-hand fighting, "knocking them from their horses with lances and knives, dismounting and killing them, cutting the arms of several at the elbows and carrying them away," as reported by Captain John G. Bourke in his book *On the Border with Crook*. It is probable that the Cheyennes were the braves guilty of the mutilation of the soldiers, since obtaining trophies in this grisly fashion had long been a wartime practice of that tribe.

All along the line the troops fell back before terrific onslaughts. Vroom's troop alone managed to form a ring in the center of the maelstrom and preserve itself for a time as a unit. Captain Henry led his company in a counter-charge to rescue the surrounded troop. Doggedly his men cut their way through the massed hostiles to rescue Vroom. They performed the job magnificently—but the gallant Henry was shot from his horse, struck in the face by a heavy slug that mangled his entire visage below the eyes.

Roaring in triumph, the Sioux charged the wavering troops and hammered them back from the body of their fallen commander. Far down the blazing battle-line, Plenty Coups and Washakie saw what had happened to Captain Henry and called to their warriors to attack with them. Alligator-stands-up, the grim war-chief of the Crows, answered the desperate call, as did Luishaw and others. Heroically, giving the lie to Army officers who had claimed that they could not be depended upon to engage in hand-to-hand fighting, the Crows and Shoshones charged the maddened Sioux to protect the fallen Henry. They reached him, stood over his unconscious form and held off the Sioux until the battered cavalry rallied and came driving back to pick up their stricken Captain and get him out to the medics, who saved his life by prompt treatment.

NOW Crook sent Captain Mills, with eight troops of cavalry, galloping down the valley to attack the non-existent village. Amazed, the hostiles parted before his headlong advance and let him go unopposed. Mills had almost reached the

(*Continued on page* 32)

Chief Plenty Coups, making his speech at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery in 1921.

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FURTHER light on the famous rip-snorting affair at Ingalls, Oklahoma, on September 1, 1893, when the Dalton outlaw gang engaged in a bloody fight with a group of Federal officers, and on its background, participants and aftermath, is given in the following article by Sterling Price King. The story was revived in two controversial articles on "Rose of Cimarron" in the August-September, 1954, issue of TRUE WEST.

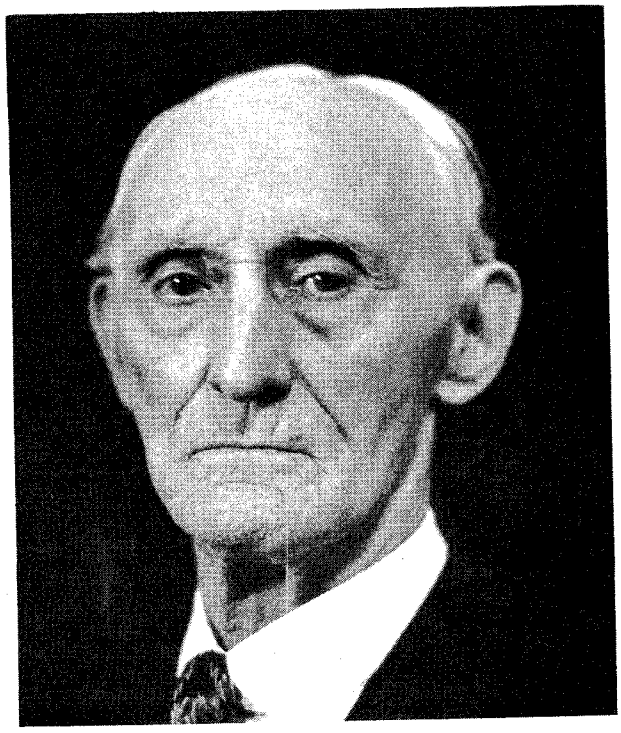
The version given below is excerpted from Sterling P. King's autobiography, which he prepared before his death in St. Louis in 1947, and which was turned over to me several years ago by his daughter, Mrs. Ruby King Busch of St. Louis.

At the time of the Ingalls fracas, Sterling Price King was County Attorney of Payne County, Oklahoma, where Ingalls was located. He prosecuted Roy Daugherty, alias Tom Jones, alias Arkansas Tom, for murders committed during the fight, and was in a good position to know the facts.

The following story is told in King's own words. For purposes of clarity and continuity I have shifted a few words and sentences, added a few clarifying notes, and deleted all extraneous matter. It should be noted that King peculiarly refers to "Rose of Cimarron" as "Rose (Cimarron)," that Bee Dunn, mentioned by King, was apparently the brother of Rose or Rosa Dunn, said by others to have been "Rose of Cimarron," and that, according to King, Arkansas Tom was the only Dalton man prosecuted for *all four* of the killings during the fight.—Frederic E. Voelker

More Rose of

County Attorney at the time of the famous Dalton-Doolin battle at Ingalls, this author sheds some interesting light on the whole affair.



Sterling P. King, aged 80, in 1942.

THE first election in Oklahoma was held in 1892 and I was elected County Attorney of Payne County.

At that time cowboys frequented Stillwater, the county seat, and tried to make it a rough town; but worse than the regular cowboys were the outlaws that rendezvoused in the eastern part of the county and frequented Stillwater oftener than welcome. While they never did any actual damage, they harassed and frightened the citizens by their rough outlaw tactics.

Sometimes they rode down the streets discharging their pistols, rode into a saloon and had the bartender serve them on their horses. They would meet a boy or man in the streets and make him dance by shooting between his feet.

One night they came to Hodges' Hotel and asked for lodging. There were about twenty in the gang, and when Mr. Hodges informed them that the beds were all taken, they reminded him that a little thing like that made no difference. His hotel was a one-bedroom structure twenty-five feet wide and about eighty feet long. The beds were arranged with heads to the walls and passageway the entire length of the building between the two rows of beds.

The gang of outlaws walked into the building and marched down the passageway discharging their pistols and whooping like wild Indians. Of course that emptied the beds, and with their rifles stacked at the head of their beds and their pistols under their pillows, the outlaws, with boots and clothes on, took possession of the hotel for the night.

It was pranks similar to the ones mentioned that called for some drastic proceedings against such conduct. My election placed upon me the duty to get rid of the gang that was menacing the security of the county. It was a more difficult task than I had expected.

The eastern twelve miles of Payne County was their rendezvous. The outlaws never injured private persons. They were genteel, polished, affable and liberal with their money. They

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robbed banks and railroads, and distributed their money freely among the citizens in the eastern part of the county. They knew every person in that community and would have given their lives in defense of any of those people or their property. They and the citizens were close friends. If any person in that locality was not a direct recipient of their favors he knew enough not to say anything against the Daltons.

I was well acquainted with the farmers with whom the outlaws most frequently lodged. Rose (of Cimarron), who was the girl that played such an important role in their activities, was the daughter of a prominent figure in Republican politics. He was a man of more than ordinary intelligence and was a prosperous farmer, and did not have to accept favors from that class of desperadoes.

ROSE was in my office frequently with her father and gave no indications that she would consort with known outlaws. She and her father realized just what they were, but to them outlawry did not look so bad as long as they were beneficiaries rather than victims.

The boys were so accommodating, entertaining and genteel that their robberies dwarfed in comparison. They were also socialites in the vicinity. I happened to be at one of their dances at Cushing, Oklahoma. Bob Lowry and I had gone to Cushing on legal business and had to stay all night. While eating supper at the hotel, about twelve of the gang came in and stacked their rifles by their sides and against the table. Each carried two revolvers which he placed one to his right and the other to his left.

Lowry and I were both quite well acquainted with the regular members of the Dalton organization, and we talked quite a while at the supper table and afterwards in the "sitting room." Bob and Bill Dalton were both entertaining conversationalists and were well supplied with laughable incidents in their escapades, which they related with a freedom that indicated a childish indifference to consequences.

Purported to be Rose of Cimarron, member of the famous Doolin gang.

Cimarron

By STERLING PRICE KING

as told to Frederick E. Voelker

After supper the kitchen was cleared out and a genuine cowboy square dance made the night hideous till nearly daylight next morning. Fitzgerald, a cattleman, "called" for the dance. But the interesting thing to Lowry and me was the quickness with which the invited girls responded to the invitation to attend the cowboy dance at the hotel.

Shortly after the Cushing affair I met them, the outlaws, again, but under different circumstances. That time I was going from Orlando (in present Logan County, fifteen miles west of Stillwater) to Stillwater on the mail hack, and while passing through a cluster of timber and underbrush in the Stillwater Creek bottoms, the Daltons stepped out of the brush in front of the team and, taking the horses by the bridles, asked for the mail sacks.

Jim Meyers, the driver, was scared stiff and said nothing. Bob Dalton stepped up to the side of the hack. I asked him what he wanted, and he replied, "Money or anything that can be exchanged for money." I held up the mail sack and said, "Bob, you are drilling in a mighty dry well if you try to get anything out of that." He looked at it and said, "Boys, we had better let Uncle Sam alone if there is nothing but an empty sack to be had." Personally, I was no more frightened than I am now, but Meyers was frightened till he was snow white. It was at least ten minutes before he could say that was the worst fright he ever had.

These were the desperadoes that were to be exterminated, if possible. The sheriff tried to deputize citizens to help him arrest the disturbers, but the citizens declined to serve. The attitude of all is illustrated by the remark of one that he had not lost any outlaws and had no reason to go out hunting for something he had not lost.

It became necessary to try another method of reaching the nest of vipers that had a large per cent of the citizens positively protecting them, and the rest of the people afraid to join in an effort to exterminate them. My next plan was to have the United States assist in the extermination proceedings.

ACCORDINGLY, I went to Guthrie, the territorial capital, and laid the matter before Horace Speed, United States Attorney. I asked him pointedly if he would lend his influence to have the United States Marshal take over the matter of . . . arresting the desperadoes. He flatly stated that it was contrary to the policy of the national government to participate in any manner in purely local matters in which the Federal government was not affected.

But I explained to him that outlaws were running loose because our county did not have the money to finance a campaign of extermination against the outlaw organization. He was favorably impressed and, as a result, President Benjamin Harrison ordered the United States Marshal to assume the duty of arresting, dead or alive, every member of the Dalton gang.

The marshal's office followed the movements of the outlaws as closely as possible. It was difficult to obtain reliable information regarding their whereabouts. Some people were afraid to disclose their location, if they knew; others knew but would protect them by giving false information to mislead the officers. After several weeks of fine detective work, the Daltons were disclosed at Ingalls, eleven miles east of Stillwater.

Ingalls was a little village about half way between Stillwater and the Creek Nation, and the ten or twelve miles between Ingalls and the Creek country was broken, hilly and covered with a light growth of timber. It provided an ideal rendezvous for outlaw bands familiar with the contour of the region and the many hiding places where they could entrench themselves and defy an army of officers.

The village itself was in an open country, fairly level, and was settled by a law-abiding and prosperous citizenry. It was generally quiet, and the business men would compare favorably with those of other villages of similar size. At the same time there was a rough element that made the outlaws feel at home in their midst, and the law-abiding residents felt that opposition to the rowdyism of the few would jeopardize their business as well as their lives.

It was through a combination of detective work and a desire on the part of the better element of the village that the Daltons were located at Ingalls. How to encircle them and prevent escape to the hills was the problem for the marshal. The marshal and his deputies approached Ingalls in covered wagons, dressed as hunters, and learned through their informant that the gang was at the Pierce Hotel, operated by Pierce and wife. *(Continued on following page)*

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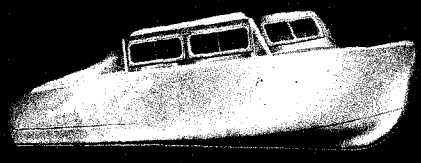

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More Rose of Cimarron

(Continued from preceding page)

The hotel was surrounded before the "hunters" were known to be officers. They had surrounded the wrong building. The Daltons were in a little saloon on a corner lot, separated from other buildings, and before the officers realized their danger the Daltons began firing at them and naturally produced confusion. However, the officers soon got the location and opened a terrific bombardment of the saloon. The residents of Ingalls scampered for shelter as soon as the fusilade of firing began. Some hid in the stores and residences, and others went to their cellars. The battle continued for two or three hours.

The District Court was in session at Stillwater, and I was engaged in the trial of a criminal case when word came that the Dalton boys were surrounded at Ingalls and a heavy gun fight was in process. Judge Green adjourned court, and the sheriff and I went to Ingalls as fast as his horse and buggy could take us.

WE arrived just as the gun fight ended and the outlaws were leaving. They had their horses in a ravine back of the saloon, and they had escaped through the back door of the saloon and got to their horses and made their escape with only slight injuries. Bitter Creek Newcomb was wounded but was able to get away by riding behind one of the other members of the gang.

It was difficult to understand how any one in the saloon survived, for the building was so thickly punctured with bullet holes that hardly a space as large as a man's hand was not pierced. Four dead men were found on the streets after the battle. After the fighting was over, everybody flocked to the streets and the scene of carnage.

It was then that the marshals learned that a man in the attic of the Pierce Hotel had done the killing. Those watching the battle from their cellars and residences could see the flash from the roof of the hotel and see a man fall dead. It was evident that one or more of the outlaws were still in the building, for no one had left the hotel after the killing and before the marshals had the place surrounded a second time.

When the sheriff and I drove up to the front of the hotel, a large crowd had gathered in the front of the building. John Hixon, a deputy sheriff, and some of the other officers were huddled together discussing the best procedure to capture the man in the attic. As soon as I walked up to where they were, Hixon stated they were in a quandary. If they went up after the outlaw, he would shoot them as fast as they made an appearance. He would not come down voluntarily, and they were trying to work out a method to force a surrender.

I told them to inform Pierce in unmistakable language that unless the outlaw was brought down within fifteen minutes they would burn the house down. That had the desired effect, and in less than ten minutes Pierce led Arkansas Tom (Tom Jones) out at the front door onto the front porch. When Jones faced the large crowd that had gathered, he calmly asked what was the occasion of so much excitement.

That battle has been frequently described, but never by anyone who knew the facts, and many errors appear in screen and book versions. There were no shavings and kindling piled up against the building as if in the act of setting it afire. No such proceeding was necessary, for the outlaw was brought down "instanter" and without any parleying.

Jones (real name Roy Daugherty) was taken to Stillwater and placed in jail to await trial for murder. Jones was a crack shot and so were all the gang of outlaws. He shot Lafe Shadley, one of the marshals, twice at a distance of nearly 400 feet, and a silver dollar covered both bullet holes.

The case against Jones was tried before Judge Frank Dale. The trial was one of the most dramatic that I ever witnessed. Drama, tragedy and pathos were all combined in that case. The trial was held under a strain that caused the whole town to live in dread and fear. The Dalton gang had declared that Jones would never be tried; that they would blow up the courthouse if necessary; that everyone connected with the prosecution would be killed; and that the whole town would be set afire, if necessary, to carry out the desperadoes' purpose.

The court appointed several bailiffs to guard it during the progress of the trial. Eight or ten were stationed on top of the courthouse with long range guns to ward off attack if the gang attempted to make a raid to release the defendant. In the court room also armed guards were stationed so as to protect the court and officials in case the outlaws should, by any trick or device, succeed in gaining an entrance.

JUDGE DALE, the sheriff and myself received a handful of letters every morning purporting to have been written by members of the Dalton gang. The friends of the outlaws were feared as much as the outlaws themselves. The sheriff provided a body guard for Judge Dale to and from court, and during the night. The hotel where he stayed was well guarded and the room in which he slept was not known to the public. Judge Dale sent a guard to my residence to protect me, but I declined to accept the protection.

Tom did not take the witness stand to deny his guilt. I had proved that the four men were killed from the attic of the hotel by punching holes through the shingle roof so that he could take deadly and deliberate aim at the officers while they were occupied defending themselves

(Continued on page 30)

"Ole Mud-In-The-Eye has been hitting the firewater again!"—Cook

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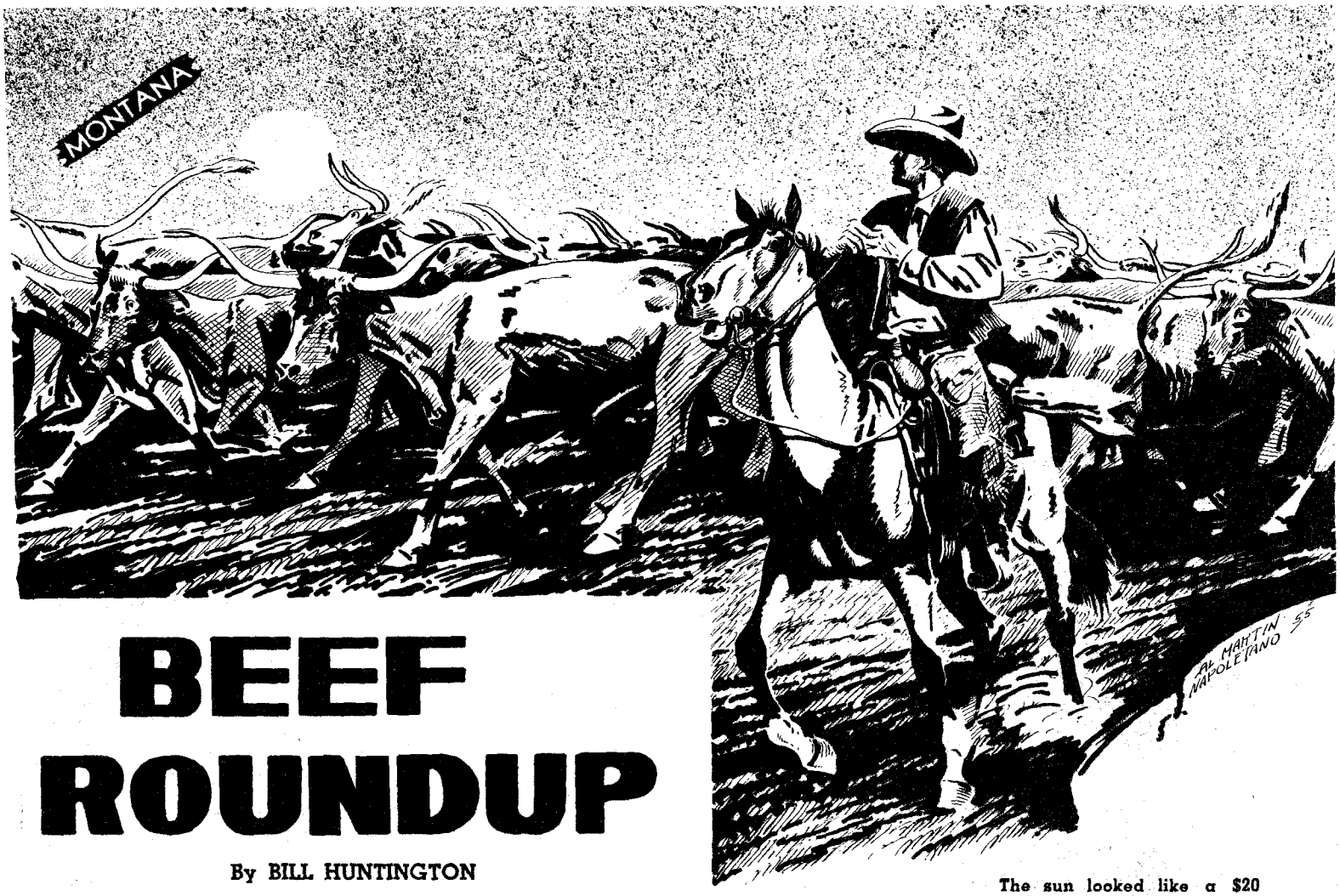

BEEF ROUNDUP

By BILL HUNTINGTON

Illustrated by AL MARTIN NAPOLETANO

The sun looked like a $20 gold-piece, way off in space.

That sure was some roundup on the Powder River back in 1895!

I had never ridden the Powder River country before the year 1895. From my first look, I didn't think much of it. There wasn't much grass growing in the valley, but lots of sage brush and alkali flats. The river was not very wide, and when I was there, in August, there wasn't much water in it. The river bed was sand. You could scoop the sand out with your hands most anywhere and find water. Cattle could walk in the river bed and the water would come up in their tracks, so they could get a drink. It was a treacherous, dangerous stream with lots of quicksand. In case of a cloudburst or the runoff of spring snows, the Powder got plenty high. Many a cow had lost her life in that ol' river.

We stole the Powder River country from the Indians and we ought to give it back. Although there was lots of grass when you got out into the rolling country, there were also coulees and water washes that you couldn't cross and you'd have to ride way around them. There are plenty of badlands, where it is hard to herd cattle, although cattle get fat off the rich badlands grass.

When I was there in 1895, working for the CY outfit, there were more steers than cows and calves in that country. Most of the outfits used to stock it with southern steers, keep them a couple of years, and ship them to Omaha for beef. They were longhorn cattle, of different colors, and all wild as deer. They were mighty hard to handle. Some of those Texas steers could run about as fast as a good horse.

Clay Robinson and Company had made a special order for four or five hundred head of three-and-four-year-old steers. There were thousands of cattle in that country, belonging to big outfits. It was a tough job, short-handed as we were, to gather those wild cattle and hold them, with all the different brands running there.

We had only eight men—a cook, horse-wrangler, and six riders. It took two men to hold the beef herd, as those steers tried to get away all the time. We had to let them scatter to graze. If we let them scatter too much, a bunch of them would throw up their heads and start off on a long trot. By the time we headed them, some on the other side of the herd were going the other way. As they were on their own range, they didn't care which way they went, just so they got away.

We rode herd all day and rode night guard three hours. It took two men on each guard, and sometimes it took us all, if the cattle got scary or it was an extra dark night. We didn't dare take any chances of a stampede and losing them, for they would mix with the other cattle and we would have all the work to do over again. The weather was hot as hell. The water wasn't fit to drink—it was warm and had lots of alkali in it.

AFTER gathering the middle fork and the south fork of the Powder River, we crossed the old Bozeman Trail toward Pumpkin Buttes and the head of the Belle Fourche. We had about two hundred seventy-five head. As there were several little creeks south toward Orin Junction, the foreman said that with good luck we could get enough cattle in the next two days; the third day we would corral at Orin.

The heat was terrific. A hot wind blew out of the southeast, burning your face and hands so you could hardly stand it. When we got our tally, it took us all to hold the cattle that night. It was windy and hot. There was dust in the air, making it dark and hazy. We got started early in the morning. You couldn't see very far through the dusky haze. The sun looked like a $20 gold piece, way off in space. The wind quit blowing about noon and it was so hot and close you could hardly get your breath!

We camped early, as it was too hot to drive cattle. Just before sundown, a big white cloud with a reddish cast to it came sailing in from the southeast.

The foreman cocked his weather eye on it and said, "We'll probably get a water-spout out of that. When it hits, I want every man on herd. I sure don't want to lose them steers now."

(Continued on following page)

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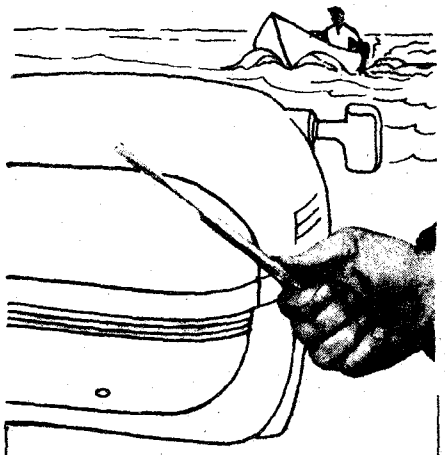

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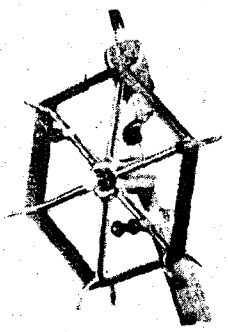

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Beef Roundup

(Continued from preceding page)

Just a little after sundown it hit. There was a fierce gust of wind driving big drops of rain. Thunder crashed, and hailstones the size of hickory nuts came slanting down. You couldn't see a thing, it was so dark. The noise and roar of the storm was terrific.

BEFORE the storm hit, that bunch of steers all had their heads up smelling the air. Their long horns and tails were up, their eyes bugging out. They were scared stiff.

The jagged, forked lightning and the crash of thunder touched them off, and the hail kept them going. There was nothing we could do but try to protect ourselves. We were on a flat, where there wasn't any protection whatever. We never tried to stop the spooked cattle, just jerked our saddles off our horses and put them over our heads.

The hail didn't last over thirty minutes, but it was followed with a heavy rain and the twilight turned so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your eyes. We had a tent stretched with our beds in it, but the wind blew the tent down, stampeded the saddle horses, wet our beds, tipped the camp-stove over and filled it full of hail, blew the stove-pipe away, and raised merry hell.

The horse-wrangler managed better than the rest of us. He had a slicker. He got his horse in a plum thicket that gave a little protection. The horse herd headed toward a little canyon, and the wrangler figured that they'd hump up and stay there. As soon as it quit hailing, he started after them. He'd look ahead through the darkness and get his bearings when the lightning flashed. When he found the horses, he stayed with them till morning and was in camp before breakfast.

The cattle had gone down a ridge. There was a coulee on both sides of the ridge. The coulee was full of water and the cattle didn't try to cross. When they struck South Fork, it was bankful. We found most of them on the bank, scattered very little. They had picked up a few odd head in their run, but it didn't take long to cut the strangers out.

When we got back to camp, the whole crew went on night guard, as it was the last night out and we weren't taking any chances of losing them. We were a dirty, tired, sleepy bunch of cowboys when we finally got them safely corraled at Orin Junction.

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60 Billions in Lost Gold

(Continued from page 9)

stumble across the find. Remember, though, even if your map turns out to be authentic, that doesn't prove the actual existence of gold by a long shot.

If you decide to hunt for the lost bonanza anyway, what equipment should you take? Well, there's food, a prospector's hammer, a pick and shovel, a pan (if you're looking for a placer or non-vein mine), a burro to carry everything, and a gun for game (or protection).

Often there are signs around lost gold mines which may guide you to the exact location of the treasure. These may be in the form of old ore dumps, shafts, cabins—or there may be symbols. Look for them—they may provide you with a million-dollar shortcut.

If you strike a bonanza, sample it carefully, taking rock from a number of places along the vein. The larger your sample, the more accurate a story of potential wealth it will tell. Then, ship it by express to the nearest assay office. They'll tell you the value of your find.

Suppose the assay office tells you that you've discovered a rich lode—is it really yours? Well, mineral land is in the public domain and belongs to the United States Government. Anyone who finds gold on it can file a claim for mining rights. If you make a strike, you must put up markers—piles of stones or wooden stakes. On them, or on papers fastened to them, inscribe your name and the date of your find.

Then, file a claim at the nearest county courthouse. The maximum claim you can make is a 600 x 1500-foot rectangle (placer claims can be filed for 20 acres, however). Try to make certain that your newly-found vein won't disappear at a slant which carries it off your land.

You can bet your life there'll be other complications, too—especially since you're dealing with a lost gold mine. You'll have to make sure the title is clear and that will entail searches and much legal procedure. But, if you've uncovered one of the good ones, there's little doubt that your reward will be worth the trouble.

SOMETIMES, though, it's no trouble at all. Take the case of the Golden Cavern, one of the most fabulous finds in lost gold mine history. When E. P. Dorr was a boy in Colorado, two Indians gave him a map, telling him it would make him rich when he grew up. They said they were two of three brothers who had learned about a rich store of gold in a vast cavern. While they were mining the gold, one brother had been killed in an accident. In accordance with tribal superstition, the surviving brothers were forever barred from returning to the scene of his death.

Everybody laughed at the story, but young Dorr never forgot it—and never gave up the map. When he was older, he decided to investigate the story. Eventually he located what seemed to be the cavern in Kokoweef Mountain, San Bernardino County, about 250 miles from Los Angeles. There, almost alongside U. S. Highway 91, Dorr discovered a treasure which a California assay indicated is worth at least ten billion dollars!

Inside, according to sworn affidavit, Dorr found a river with a gold-bearing sandbar which averaged 350 feet in width, eight feet in depth and extended for eight miles. The find is now in the hands of a mining syndicate which is converting the gold into cash.

Dorr? He just relaxes and watches the gold roll in!

The quest for billions of dollars in lost gold goes on—the reputed luck of brassiere salesman Bruderlin and the verified luck of Dorr encourages others to seek similar fortunes. If you're an adventurous soul with a rugged constitution, a yen for a billion dollars and lots of time to spare—why not take off for the lost-gold country? This might be *your* turn!

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Hell For Leather PIKE!

Jim Pike was a real bullheaded gent. So bullheaded, in fact, that it finally killed him!

By ROSS PHARES

JAMES Pike had the tenacity of a bulldog and the pluck of a game cock. If Texas had anything that could buffalo him he didn't find it—and he gave the wildest of it ample opportunity. He wooed adventure like a mistress—as Texas Ranger, minute man, scout, buffalo hunter, wild horse tamer, and being just plain bullheaded with his opinions. Nothing, it seems, could stop Pike except himself. He finally, in a wild rage of temper, took his own self out of this world in one of the strangest exits a heroic man ever made.

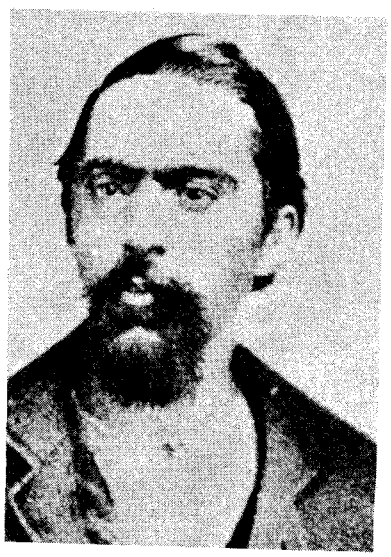
Pike, a dark complexioned, strongly-built man with long, black hair, came to Texas from Ohio in the spring of 1859 driving a bunch of stolen horses—for the other fellow. He did not know the circumstance of the horses until he got into an argument with their supposed owner who made a play for his six-shooter. Pike got the drop on him with his rifle. And then the men talked things over.

"You said you would go to Texas with me. What's the matter now? You scared?"

"I've never seen anything yet I'm scared of!" the youngster replied. And he carried out his bargain—until the horses were turned into the rustler's corral near Dallas.

Pike was on his way to Austin to get a job as a printer. He stopped in Bell County and broke broncos for a while to make traveling expenses. Here he heard of fresh raids by the Indians—stealing horses, looting homes and carrying off women and children. With such horrors going on, he couldn't think of sitting in an office all day snatching metallic letters.

He rode out with a party in pursuit of a band of marauders and gave such a good account of himself that the Texas Rangers asked him to join them, and got him without an argument. *(Continued on following page)*



Texas Ranger James Pike

TEXAS

"They ran, seeking the corners of the house for protection, and emptied seven enemy saddles in the retreat."

Illustrated by
EVANS KEITH SOWARD

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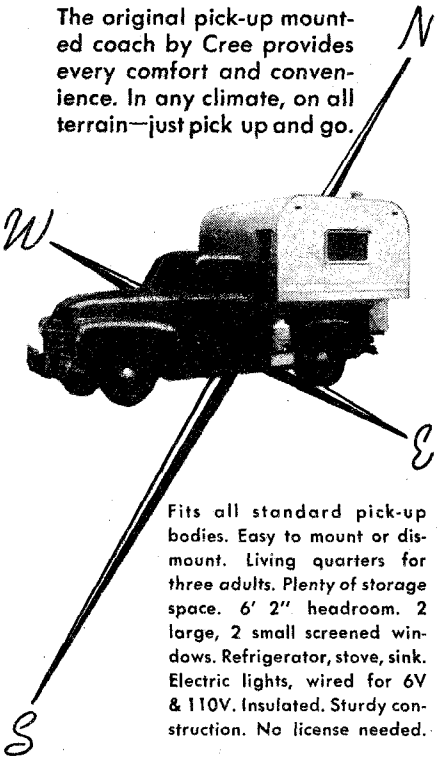

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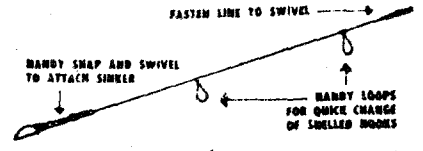

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ROSE SABELMAN
Park View, New Mexico

Hell for Leather Pike!

(Continued from preceding page)

Pike set out with the Ranger company up the Brazos. After several brushes with the Indians, they locked in a real battle with the Comanches under Chief Katampsie near the Caddo Village. Pike described the battle in his autobiography, "Scout and Ranger" thus: Thirteen of the Rangers were near a house "seated round in a ring, with our smoking mess pans filled with stewed vinson," when about ninety painted, yelling Comanches charged upon them. The Rangers ran, seeking the corners of the house for protection, and emptied seven enemy saddles in the retreat. The Indians circled. The Ranger leader gave orders to aim at the horses. Fifteen horses fell. At this loss, the Indians fortified themselves in a ravine within range of the house. Pike said that over fourteen hundred bullets hit the house. The Rangers sent for reinforcements at the Caddo Village. After twenty-eight hours reinforcements arrived.

AND then a strange thing happened that Pike could never forget. After the Rangers had been fighting for their lives for over two days, a white man came among the Indians. At a word from him they quit fighting. He was Major Lieper of the United States Army, an Indian agent from the reservation. The Comanches were reservation Indians.

Pike was disgusted at the reservation system. Here, the Rangers—wounded, exhausted, and hungry—after their lives had been in the balance so long, saw this white man take charge, and in effect, say: "You naughty boys, stop that fighting, and come home now!"

The Indians were ready to "quit and call it even." But Captain Knowlin of the Rangers was not so easily satisfied. He insisted that "Katampsie should give us six sacks of flour and two hundred pounds of bacon, as 'blood money;' and to this he agreed." But the chief refused to give permission for more than three men to enter the village for the provisions.

With the Indians howling in a noisy wake over their dead warriors, it was the consensus of opinion among the Rangers that three men would probably never bring supplies out of that camp. This was not the iron-willed Pike's opinion. He wouldn't have missed the trip for anything. As soon as he could find two men to go with him he set out.

In the village the Rangers found the mourning going "full blast." Pike observed that a wife in mourning "crops her hair off, and sacrifices her breasts, arms, and thighs by cutting with a knife as a token of mourning for her husband."

The old chief saw them coming, and jumped to his feet swearing vengeance. But when the Rangers prepared to defend themselves, several women seized him while he "raved and tore, jumped up and down, and cursed us in Spanish." Finally he tore loose, but seeing that he had no support, "instead of carrying out his threats he quietly sat down upon a dilapidated cracker box, folded his arms across his breast, and appeared for some time lost in meditation." Pike brought home the flour and bacon.

ON the Red Fork of the Brazos the Rangers went on a buffalo "charge" that began with the sounding of the bugle and ended with more than five hundred killed or wounded buffalo.

Once Pike and his Ranger friends found an abundance of especially delicious wild honey in the woods. After feasting upon it the men lamented the fact that they had no vessels for carrying it to camp. But not the determined Pike. He improvised a method for fetching the honey home, in a fashion that amazed even the Rangers. He and some of his friends took off their drawers, and after washing them in the creek, tied the legs together at the bottom, and filled them with "the delicious sweet." "We found this the easiest of all methods of carrying it, as we could hang it astride our horses."

When Pike left the Rangers, Texas was voting on the matter of secession. Pike thought the Secessionists were using strong-arm methods at the ballots. That alone was enough to challenge him to vote Union. He was the only man in town to vote against secession. Friends told him he would be killed for his foolhardiness. He advertised his sentiments just to see what would happen. He didn't get shot as prophesied, but he "got so mad" he announced he was going North to join the Union army. Nobody would have rated him a Chinaman's chance at reaching the Sabine or Red River. But he did. Furthermore, against all advice, he went through the towns instead of around them.

He fought through the war with the Union Army. He remained with the Army, and, according to the only specific information about his death, he died at a western fort. A surprise attack was made upon the post by hostile Indians. The soldiers seized their rifles and rushed out to repel the raid. According to the story, Pike's rifle jammed, and in an uncontrollable rage he smashed the barrel over a rock. This exploded the cartridge which gave him a fatal wound.

It was "do or die" with James Pike to the last.

"Must you breathe down the back of my neck?"

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The ill-mannered Kentuckian took one look at Jim Bowie's knife and quickly decided

HE DIDN'T WANT TO SMOKE

By ROBERT E. PIKE

Illustrated by RANDY STEFFEN

AN interesting anecdote about Col. James Bowie that has remained unknown to modern biographers is to be found in a curious book entitled *Excentricities Americaines,* published in Paris in 1858. The author was Xavier Eyma, who spent several years traveling all over the United States, and who wrote half a dozen books about the country. Here is a translation of his story about Bowie:

"The *bowie knife,* which plays such a great role in the public life of the United States, is a terrible weapon which owes its name to its inventor, a certain Colonel James Bowie, concerning whom Henry Clay relates the following occurrence, of which he had been a witness:

" 'While traveling in the West,' he said, 'I found myself one day in a carriage with three people, a lady, her husband, and a third individual wrapped in a cloak and apparently sound asleep. Suddenly an enormous Kentuckian got into the coach. He was smoking a cigar and he cast a glance around him that seemed to say: 'I am half hoss and half alligator, a true son of Kentucky, flower of the forests.'

" 'Then he puffed out thick clouds of smoke, without any regard for his fellow-travelers, and especially for the young lady, whom the smoke very evidently made sick. The husband courteously asked the Kentuckian to stop smoking. The latter replied:

" 'I have paid for my seat. I shall smoke as much as I please, and nobody in the world shall stop me!

" 'Saying this, he rolled his eyes fiercely and looked around him with a provocative air. Evidently he was not afraid of a quarrel, and if by chance there should one develop he seemed disposed to push it as far as possible.

" 'I hesitated a moment, wondering whether I should intervene; but I realized that I would have little chance against such an athletic adversary, and I thought of the impotence of the law, which offered me no recourse against him. But after all, it was none of my business, and I did not see any reason to play Don Quixote in taking up another's quarrel.

" 'It is then the traveler who had been asleep calmly unwrapped his cloak and sat up straight. He was a man of medium size, rather frail looking, buttoned from top to bottom. He fixed two piercing, gray eyes on the Kentuckian and before pronouncing a single word he reached behind his neck* and drew out a long knife, sharp as a razor.

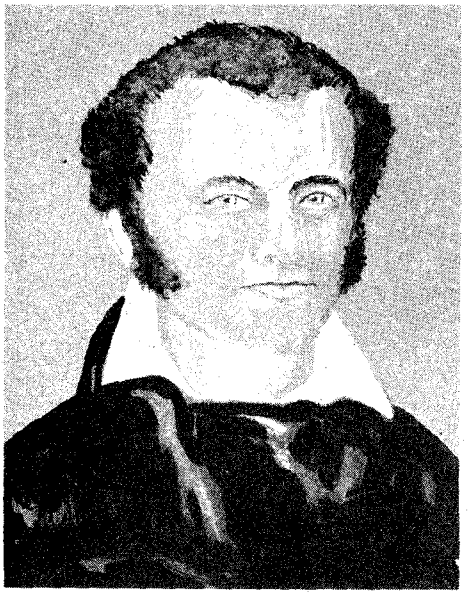
" 'SIR,' he said then to the Kentuckian, 'my name is Colonel James Bowie well known, I believe, in Arkansas and Louisiana; if, within one minute, you do not throw your cigar out of the window, I shall stick this knife into your belly, just as true as I am going to die some day.'

" 'I shall never forget,' said Clay, 'the strange expression in Colonel Bowie's glance. It was something magnetic and fascinating. The Kentuckian bore it for a few seconds and then he lowered his eyes, took the cigar from his mouth and threw it out of the window.

" 'Colonel Bowie then restored his knife to its peculiar sheath between his shoulders, wrapped himself in his cloak, closed his eyes, went to sleep, and did not say another word during the whole trip.'

"Since that time," adds Eyma, "Colonel Bowie's weapon has acquired a sinister celebrity, and its use has become too frequent in the United States. If, on one occasion, that terrible knife performed the good deed of teaching manners to a coarse Kentuckian, it has, since then, created many mayors, aldermen, and judges! It has become the last argument in many elections in the U. S. A."

***Wyatt Earp told Stuart Lake that when he first came West in the early seventies, there were still a few old-timers who used bowie-knives. They carried them in a sheath hanging down behind their necks.**



James Bowie, killed in the battle of the Alamo, March 6, 1836.

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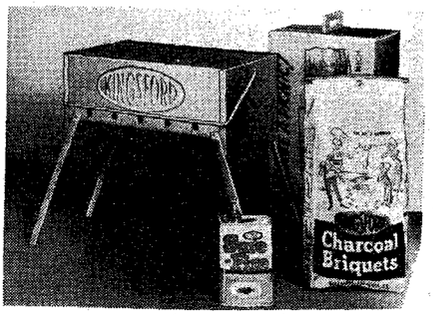

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Bare Fists vs. Six Guns

(*Continued from page* 11)

away like gun-smoke, leaving the badman strictly on his own. Spotting Smith himself, Frank kept moving forward—but his mouth went strangely dry and his bawled invective stuck in his throat.

"I hear you're looking for me," remarked Tom pleasantly, halting within punching distance of the cowboy.

"Damn right I'm looking for you!" blustered Frank, licking his lips. "I hear you aim to take my guns. No man can take my guns without shootin' *me* first!"

Smith ignored the implied challenge. "Nobody is going to shoot anybody, mister. Hand over your guns before you get in trouble."

Crowding Frank hard, never giving him a chance to draw, Tom herded his man clear across the board sidewalk and into a saloon. Mouthing profane threats, Frank retreated across the barroom until his back rubbed the bar and he could retreat no further.

"You bastard!" he yelled in frothing fury. "I'll—"

His hands flashed to his gun-butts as Tom Smith nailed him with a terrific one-two; a piston left to the midriff, followed instantly by a bone-cracking right to the jaw. Wyoming Frank collapsed like an empty feed sack, head coming gently to rest in a spittoon. The marshal rubbed the stinging knuckles of his right hand gingerly against his shirt-front, then bent to relieve the unconscious badman of his artillery.

Grinning broadly behind his walrus mustache, the barkeep came out from his post behind the mahogany and handed his six-gun to Tom. "Reckon I won't need this ol' hog-leg while *you're* marshal here," he declared.

Each man in the place, including "proddy" young cowboys just arrived uptrail from Texas, came forward at once to surrender his gun. The "fist-fightin' marshal" had firmly established his right to rule Abilene.

Magically, under the new marshal, Abilene became an orderly, almost peaceful town, a decent place in which to live. Men behaved themselves at first, through sheer physical fear of Tom Smith; later, when they came to understand the marshal's high character and great hopes and plans for their community's future, they behaved themselves because it was the law and the right thing to do. "Give us another two years," enthused Smith to the Mayor and City Council, "and together we will make Abilene the best little city in Kansas!"

TOM SMITH never got the two years he needed to "make Abilene the best little city in Kansas," for on November 2, 1870, he was murdered.

On that bleak fall day, Smith and a man named McDonald rode out on the prairie north of town to arrest settler Andy McConnell for killing his neighbor in a boundary dispute. McConnell was more than a little crazy according to reports, yet Tom went into the killer's dugout after McConnell had refused to come out on order. The settler shot the marshal with his rifle while his partner Moses Miles, firing through a loop-hole, scared off McDonald with a couple of close-singing slugs. After McDonald had loped away to safety, the two settlers hacked wounded Tom Smith to death with axes.

Arrested next day by a posse of angry Abilene citizens, the murderers somehow escaped lynching. Tried by a court in another county, both killers drew only prison sentences.

After Tom Smith's tragic death, Abilene lapsed quickly into its old wicked ways. Again Mayor Henry frantically sought a new marshal to curb the gunplay and general hell-raising, and this time came up with the famous gunfighter, Wild Bill Hickok. Henry's selection of Hickok was unfortunate, since Wild Bill possessed neither the physical courage nor the incorruptible moral stamina of Tom Smith. Where the smiling New York Irishman had employed his instinctive knowledge of he-man psychology and his mighty fists to enforce the law, Hickok depended on his killer's reputation backed by his brace of Colts. It wasn't enough.

Under Marshal Hickok's callous shoot-first-talk-later regime, Abilene deteriorated steadily until the booming Texas cattle trade moved on in 1873 to Ellsworth and left the town just another has-been cow capital. Today, the people of a revitalized Abilene hardly remember Wild Bill Hickok, but they will never forget Tom Smith. Years ago they made sure of that by erecting a slab of granite with a bronze plate upon which is inscribed the following words:

THOMAS J. SMITH

Marshal of Abilene, 1870

Died a Martyr to Duty, Nov. 2, 1870

A Fearless Hero of Frontier Days, Who in Cowboy Chaos, Established the Supremacy of Law.

More Rose of Cimarron

(*Continued from page* 24)

against the outlaws in the saloon and not aware that the deadly shots were coming from the roof of the hotel. His only defense was that it would have been impossible to kill any one of the victims by shooting through the holes punctured in the roof with the gun.

To meet the challenge I requested the court to have the jury go to the scene of the battle and investigate for themselves the correctness of my contention. The court granted the request, and the jury made a first hand survey of the situation, and returned a verdict of guilty within a few minutes after the case was submitted to them. Arkansas Tom received a sentence of fifty years, of which he served fourteen.

After the Ingalls episode, the Daltons and other outlaws were kept on the run and in hiding. One by one the members of the gang were run down and caught, but many of them were taken dead. Bitter Creek Newcomb and Charlie Pierce went to stay all night with Bee Dunn, with whom they frequently rendezvoused, and it was currently reported that they were killed while asleep. Their bodies were taken to Guthrie where a reward of $10.000 for each was reputed to have been paid to Dunn.

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COMANCHE CHIEF

By ZOE A. TILGHMAN

Quanah Parker, Chief of the Comanches

AS THE author of *Quanah, The Eagle of the Comanches,* an authentic life of Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, I am moved to tell something of that story with criticisms on the article, *The Parker Story,* in TRUE WEST for September, 1954.

For my book I did extensive research in Government records, Texas stories and other available sources. I visited Quanah's home and his burial place. His daughter, Mrs. Neda Birdsong, was then living in the home and entertained me for two days.

I attended the ceremonies for the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Adobe Walls. I examined the terrain carefully, and I heard the story of Andy Johnson, who as a young man was present during the fight. He was a carpenter, sent down from Dodge City to do the more exacting work on the buildings. He described the construction as a double row of posts, stockade fashion, with earth filled between. The roof was poles and brush, with dirt on top. No one else, to my knowledge, has made any record of Mr. Johnson's story.

I knew Olive Dixon, and had her account of the battle as she wrote it down from the lips of her husband, William (Billy) Dixon.

My husband, William H. (Bill) Tilghman, was hunting buffalo with one partner in that vicinity, at the time of the fight. Indians were around and made two attempts to steal their horses. After the second attempt, the two hunters broke camp and went to the Adobe Walls fort. (It was called a fort because of its strong construction. It never was a military post.)

Mr. Tilghman knew nothing of the fight until his arrival, two days afterward. But he saw the scene, and heard the stories of all the men present while the battle was fresh in their minds.

In later years, my husband became a good friend of Quanah Parker, and from him heard the Indian account of the affair. I got some details of Quanah's life from his family. Rev. White Parker, son of Quanah, read and approved the manuscript of my book before it was published.

I believe that no one else has studied the subject so thoroughly as myself. I further point out that I had personal sources of information available only to me.

Mrs. Zoe A. Tilghman, wife of William H. (Bill) Tilghman, famous marshal.

THE account of the raid on Parker's Fort in the TRUE WEST article evidently is based on the book by James DeShields, which is almost the only source we have for those events. The place was, I believe, constructed fort fashion with no windows in outside walls; and the gates were kept closed. My best information is that Cynthia Ann Parker was six years old and her brother, John, nearly five at the time they were captured. The name *Prairie Flower* for the child captured with Cynthia is a fanciful one. But in general the DeShields story checks with the best available information.

In December, 1860, a company of Texas Rangers, under Captain L. S. (Sul) Ross, came upon a Comanche camp. The Rangers charged the camp, to discover it empty of warriors. The women fled, with the Rangers in pursuit. The pony of a young girl fell, leaving her helpless. A man turned back and took her up behind him on his horse.

Lieutenant Tom Kelliher shouted to him to stop. He didn't stop; the Ranger fired, the bullet passing through the girl's body and wounding the man. She dragged him off the horse as she fell. Kelliher kept on after another woman, Cynthia, who held up a child to him as he overtook her. He signed for her to ride back with him.

Captain Ross himself was close behind, and as he came up, the man who had fallen struggled to his feet and shot an arrow that wounded Ross's horse. The animal plunged wildly. Ross writes: "As soon as I could quiet my horse, I shot and hit the man in the arm. He could not shoot again. The interpreter came up and ordered him to surrender. Instead, he tried to strike me with a lance. I shot him again."

The man put his arm around a small tree to brace himself and began to sing a death-song. He was shot twice through the body and quickly died.

The rest of the Indians had got away. Lieutenant Kelliher came riding back with his captive, cursing because he had got only a "dirty squaw."

Ross writes: "I said to him, 'Why, Tom! This is a white woman. Look at her blue eyes!' "

They looked at the dead man. "He was brave," Ross said. "Who was he?"

One of the woman captives answered. "Nocona. Nocona's Jose . . . "

The Rangers, seizing upon the word they knew, believed they had killed the Chief Peta Nocona, husband of Cynthia Ann. Some members of Quanah's family say that this man was a Mexican slave, a personal servant of Cynthia Ann, who had remained to help with the camp and packing up. The Comanches had a number of such captives. They were allowed bows but no guns. This man had bravely tried to help his mistress by holding the attention of the enemy until she might get away.

(*Continued on following page*)

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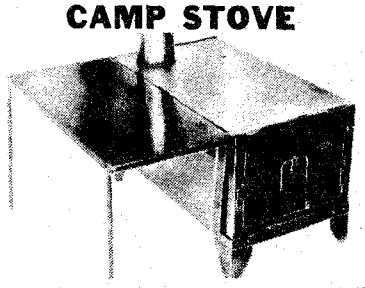

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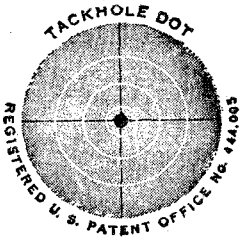

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Comanche Chief

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Quanah's father, it is believed, was killed about two years later, or perhaps died from sickness. This version came from Quanah himself.

The Rangers took their captive back to Fort Belknap, and she was identified and taken to live with her Parker relatives.

WE hear little of the Nokonis after this. Quanah, as he grew up, was with the Quehadi band in the Staked Plains. Many wild young men joined him, and he became their leader. He himself said: "We stole horses all over Texas."

The Comanches had a loose tribal organization. They were divided into a number of bands, each with a chief. They had no head chief, or united council. There is no record of their acting together in any warfare. The Penatethkas, farther south in Texas, allowed themselves to be settled on a reservation on the Brazos River, about 1865. The other Comanches despised them for becoming farmers.

"The Spanish had tried to purchase their lands." This statement, in the TRUE WEST article, is absurd. No early history is more amply documented than that of the Spanish governments in America. They considered their king's title to all these lands perfect, and never would offer to buy what was already theirs.

"He (Quanah) stepped into the great chief's moccasins." Here the writer assumes a well-organized government, with a hereditary chief. This was not the case. Quanah was only about 15 when his father died. He lived with the Nokoni band for a time, but when we hear of him as an active warrior, he was with the Quehadi band. He became their chief, and remained with them until he led them in surrender in 1875.

"Scouts for the war party *soon* discovered . . ." In the TRUE WEST article, this follows closely on the recapture of Cynthia Ann in 1860, and the supposed accession of Quanah as chief. The word *soon* here jumps 14 years, from 1860 to the Adobe Walls fight, in June, 1874.

Please notice dates, as they are most important in putting a correct story together. Careful study of dates and maps are two of the most useful tools in research. The Quehadis never had any *rendezvous* in Beaver County, Oklahoma. Their range was in the western part of the Texas Panhandle.

"Scouts for the war party soon discovered . . . buffalo hunters in a large adobe house."

The construction of the three buildings at Adobe Walls was stockade and earth, as given by carpenter Andy Johnson. Nearly half a mile away were the adobe walls of an earlier trading post. Some remains could be seen when I visited the scene in 1924. The new post took its name from these.

"HUNTERS rode out in search of game." Wrong. (See *Life of Billy Dixon*, by Olive K. Dixon.) The attack followed the favorite Indian method of surprise at dawn. Hunters were inside, except William Olds and Billy Dixon, who were out to catch up their horses. Two freighters sleeping under their wagon were killed. Dixon and Olds reached the door safely. There never was any hand-to-hand fighting, and the story of the body blocking the door is entirely wrong.

"Blockhouse . . ." See above as to type of buildings.

"Seven women . . ." Only one woman, Mrs. R. E. Olds was there. Her husband was the only man killed in the fort. This was by his own gun, which discharged as he was coming down the ladder from a lookout point on the roof.

"New type, long barrel buffalo gun . . ." The Sharps rifle called the buffalo gun had been in use for some years prior to 1874. Its barrel was not especially long.

"Parker was able to secure a huge grant of land for his people . . ."

The Comanches were assigned their reservation by the Government, and the only question was, where it should be rather than how large. The Comanches chose the area in what is now southwestern Oklahoma, in preference to lands in Kansas.

Furthermore, this was by the Treaty of Medicine Lodge, October 21, 1867. (Kappler, Laws and Treaties, Vol. 2) Quanah was only a young warrior then, and was not present to take part in the councils. About ten chiefs signed the treaty, but his name is not among them. Ten Bears was one; To-sa-in and Howe-a are others.

After the Comanches finally settled on their reservation, the band organization died out, along with the older chiefs. The Kiowa tribe, who shared the reservation, came to depend on Quanah as much as the Comanches. In later years, he was the chief spokesman for both tribes.

Children of The Raven

(*Continued from page* 21)

point where he hoped to find the village, when the confused Crook sent a courier racing with orders to recall him. Mills, a cool and capable officer, at once climbed out of the dangerous canyon and moved to his left behind the Indians facing Crook on the bluffs. Seemingly caught in a pincers, the hostiles simply rode around Crook's line and headed westward for the Little Bighorn. The befuddled General, relieved to see them depart, hastily retreated to his base camp on Goose Creek.

Crook's fiery commanding officer, Gen-

Which one had The Toni?"

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eral Phil Sheridan, received the Gray Wolf's report of the Rosebud fiasco in angry amazement and rushed back orders to "Hit 'em again and hit 'em hard!" Crook read the sharp dispatch and remarked wearily to his officers: "I wonder if Sheridan could surround three Sioux with one soldier."

Crook's estimate of the enemy forces was ridiculously high. Firmly believing that he was outnumbered three to one, he remained at Goose Creek, hunting, fishing, and playing cards. News of Custer's annihilation at the Little Bighorn on June 25 directed bitter criticism at Crook's do-nothing campaign, but the over-cautious General stubbornly insisted that he could not move against the Sioux and their allies without substantial reinforcements. He received no reinforcements, so he stayed where he was. The issue was as simple as that to Crook.

The Crows were heartbroken at the death of Custer and the destruction of his entire command. They could not understand Crook's inaction while Son-of-the-morning-star fought the hated Sioux and Cheyennes alone. Lieutenant James Bradley, of General Terry's command, wrote in his journal of the Custer campaign that "outside the relatives and personal friends of the fallen, there were none in this whole horrified nation of forty millions of people to whom the tidings brought more grief than to the Crows. When they heard the story, they one by one broke off from the group of listeners and going aside a little distance sat down alone, weeping and chanting that dreadful Mourning Song and rocking their bodies to and fro."

Yet, tempering the Crows' genuine grief was their shrewd realization that the feared and hated enemy had sealed their own doom by wiping out Custer and his Seventh Cavalry. Now the white man would never rest until Son-of-the-morning-star was avenged.

Crow scouts continued to serve with the Army throughout the subsequent disintegration of the hostile alliance. Sitting Bull's flight to Canada, and the surrender of Crazy Horse and his Oglalas and that of Dull Knife and his Cheyennes ended the Indian wars on the Northern Plains.

THE ensuing period of readjustment was bitterly hard for all the tribes, even for the Crows who had befriended and assisted the white man from the moment of his first appearance on the Missouri. Plenty Coups, though still a young man, now became the real leader of his people. Aging Pretty Eagle was still head Chief of the Crows, but the graying Eagle was helplessly bewildered by change and confusion, and delegated more and more authority to Plenty Coups as time went on.

"I'm The Reservation Censor!"

The buffalo were all but gone, the once great herds but a pitiful remnant of the multitudes that had darkened the Plains but a dozen years before. White hide hunters were busily engaged in killing off the few thousands that remained. Plenty Coups—remembering his dream—saw clearly that the Crows must follow the white man's road if they were to survive. He set them an example by abandoning his *tipi*, building himself a log house, and cultivating the land. Later, he opened a general store where Crows could trade and know that they were getting fair value.

Despite all Plenty Coups' tact and diplomacy, trouble flared frequently between the Crows and the Government Agents sent out from Washington. The young Chief requested Pretty Eagle to call a general council for discussion of the problem. Calmly he stood before his angry tribesmen, repeatedly assuring them that he himself would journey to Washington at once to present their grievances to Indian Department officials. The council quieted down and voted to sell a number of horses to finance the trip.

Washington officials were amazed at the keen intelligence and rock-hard commonsense displayed by this "forbidding savage chieftain"—to quote one overawed newspaper reporter—and listened to his requests. Gradually, through the persistent efforts of Plenty Coups, the somnolent Indian Department heads came to realize something of the complex problems confronting the Crows even if they could not thoroughly understand them. The Chief was promised material aid, teachers and instructors for his people. Also, a permanent reservation for the Crows was pledged—a reservation in their own country. If Plenty Coups was grimly amused by the supreme irony of this, he gave no sign. Courteously, through his interpreter, the Chief thanked the spokesmen for the Great Father and went home.

For all the good news brought by Plenty Coups, bitterness continued to grow in the hearts of the Crows. A nomadic people, accustomed to freely roaming the Plains for buffalo or visiting the mountain foothills to hunt elk, deer and bighorn sheep, they were now confined to a reservation where there was little game to be found. Twice decimated in the past by the white man's plague of smallpox, the Crows were now scourged by tuberculosis. Fouled camps could not be moved because of Government laws forbidding wandering, yet—with typical inconsistency — Indian Agents looked with disgust upon the filthy lodges of these former valued allies, and reported their views to Washington. Proud warriors chafed and grumbled at the miseries visited upon their families, and it required all the firmness and patience at Plenty Coups' command to avert serious trouble. His problem reverted to the other extreme when the despairing tribesmen lapsed into a hopeless apathy heart-breaking to the Chief. Now Plenty Coups stormed at them, lashed them with biting scorn,

(*Continued on following page*)

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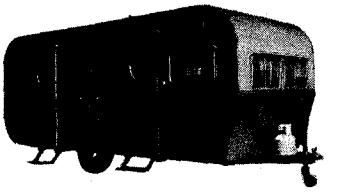

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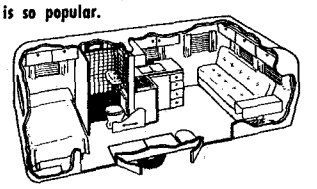

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Children of The Raven

(Continued from preceding page)

seeking to rouse them from their alarming lethargy.

"You—who once were men—have turned into pigs!" he thundered. "I am ashamed of you. Self-pity has stolen your courage, robbed you of your spirit and self-respect. Stop mourning the old days—they are gone with the buffalo. Go to your sweat-lodges and cleanse your bodies so that you may be fit to pray to *Ab-badt-dadt-deah* for forgiveness. Then clean out your dirty lodges and go to work! I—Plenty Coups—ask you to do this before you are ruined forever."

Stung, the Crows obeyed. Awkwardly—reluctantly at first—the chastened braves turned to farming and horse and cattle raising. Relief flooded Plenty Coups' anxious heart; the crucial period of readjustment seemed safely past. Now all that was needed was continued hard work and proper leadership to insure tribal survival.

Always the Chief continued to lead his people. The bleak prophecy of Yellow Bear was fulfilled; Plenty Coups had no offspring, so the whole tribe became his children.

IN the fall of 1887 a young fanatic named Sword Bearer plunged the Crows into serious trouble with the Government. Jealous of Plenty Coups' rising importance in the tribe, Sword Bearer led a band of his followers in a horse-raiding expedition on the Blackfeet. By this means, Sword Bearer hoped to win popularity enabling him to challenge Plenty Coups in a struggle for the Chieftainship when the old head Chief, Pretty Eagle, crossed the Slippery Log to the Shadow Land.

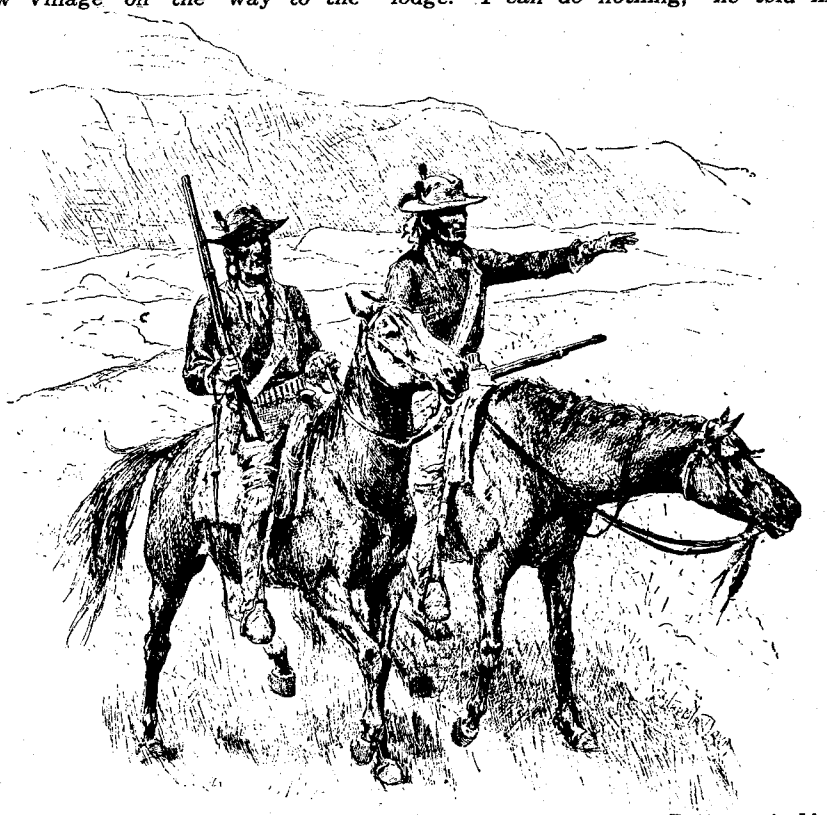
Returning to the reservation with horses stolen from the Blackfeet, Sword Bearer led his whooping braves in a spectacular charge through the streets of Crow Village on the way to the Agency. Sword Bearer hated the testy Agent, H. E. Williamson, and Williamson in turn feared and distrusted the 24-year old firebrand. Shooting and yelling like demons, the Crow raiders circled Williamson's house on the gallop.

An Agent wise in the ways of Indians would have ignored this burst of youthful exuberance. Not so Williamson. The Agent came running out of his house, bellowing for the milling Indians to go to their lodges. In scornful reply, Sword Bearer fired his rifle over Williamson's head so close he could hear the lead whistle. The Agent fled back into his house and barred the door in terror. Later, when the Crows had ridden off, he sent a messenger hurrying to Fort Custer for troops to arrest Sword Bearer. Warned of Williamson's action, Sword Bearer and his band lit out for the mountains.

Frightened settlers began flocking into Crow, reporting fierce drumming and dancing in the hills. Wild rumors spread that the Sioux and the Blackfeet were joining forces with Sword Bearer in an all-out effort to exterminate the whites. Worried old Chief Pretty Eagle visited the camp of the fugitives at Rotten Grass and begged them to return to the reservation and submit peaceably to arrest. Sword Bearer laughed at the feeble old Chief, sneering, "Go home, old man! Your heart has withered like your face—the white men have made a coward of you."

Pretty Eagle left the camp and set out for Pryor to find Plenty Coups. The situation was beyond him and he knew it.

To Pretty Eagle's consternation, Plenty Coups was not at his cabin. His friend, Bell Rock, told the Chief that Plenty Coups was up in the hills mourning alone and in secret the death of his wife, Flying Bird, who had died several days before. Shakily, Pretty Eagle mounted his horse and rode back to his lodge. "I can do nothing," he told his



Crow Indian Scouts. *Bettman Archives*

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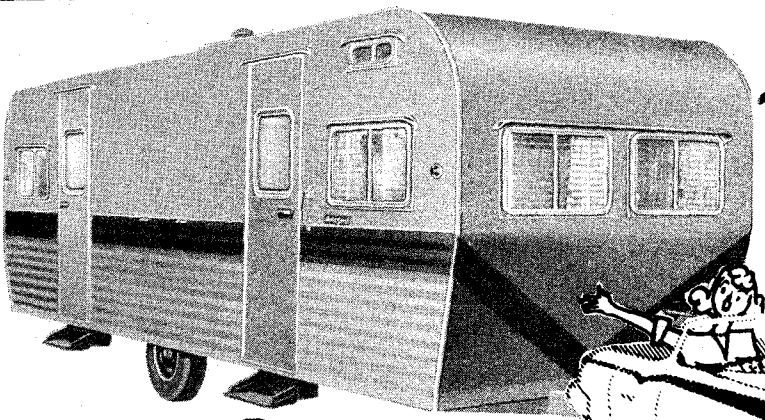

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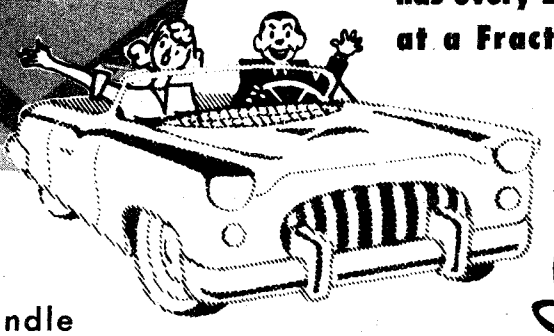

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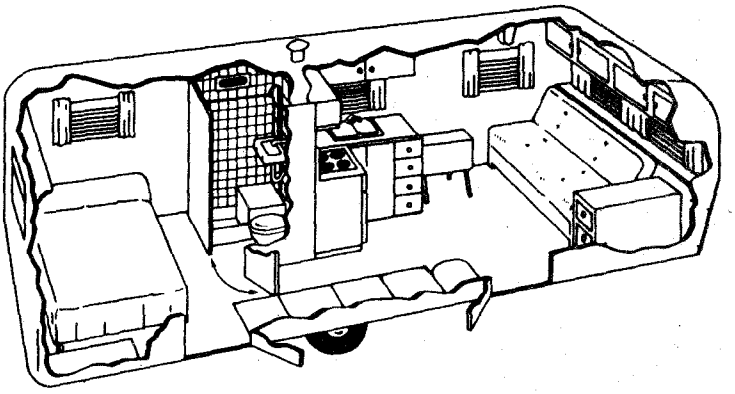

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wife. "I am old and weak and the young men no longer heed my words. My strong right hand, Plenty Coups, cannot be found. My heart is on the ground."

Silently his wife offered him his pipe. The Chief refused it, and sat with his head bowed staring vacantly before him. Finally he roused himself and went to confer with General Dudley, commander of the troops dispatched from Fort Custer. At the suggestion of Dudley, Pretty Eagle sent messengers through Big Horn and Pryor Valley, calling his people in to Crow. The Indian families, just as terrified of an uprising as the whites, hurriedly obeyed the Chief's dictum.

GENERAL DUDLEY, ignoring Agent Williamson's frantic demands that he "march against the hostiles," calmly waited for Plenty Coups to make an appearance. "This little fuss will all blow over, once Plenty Coups gets here," insisted Dudley. "Meanwhile, we'll just sit and smoke."

While Dudley marked time awaiting the arrival of Plenty Coups, Sword Bearer and three hundred braves came boldly down from the mountains and camped on the bank of the Little Horn a short distance from Crow. Here they remained, scared but still defiant and dangerous, waiting for the soldiers to make a move.

Excerpts from the Billings, Montana, *Daily Gazette*, dramatically tell the story of those tense days at Crow:

"Crow Agency, Nov. 4, 1887 — Two thousand Indians are now here (in Crow) Sword Bearer and his following with them. Arrests will be made on the arrival of Plenty Coups. All Indians now in camp except Plenty Coups and his band on Pryor."

"Fort Custer, Nov. 4, 1887—Seven troops of cavalry left after Sword Bearer. Will have them surrounded by night. The Indians are all at the Agency except Plenty Coups. It is hoped he will be there by Sunday."

Through all the newspaper reports and dominating the conversation of the nervous whites, soldiers and settlers alike, ran the recurrent anxious question: *Where is Plenty Coups?* Time itself seemed suspended, waiting for the great leader of the Crows to come down out of the secret mountain place of his mourning and make things right.

Again from the *Daily Gazette*: "Billings, Nov. 5, 1887—Early this morning a council of headmen of the Crows was held. Pretty Eagle acted as spokesman. General Armstrong told them that some of them had been bad. He said Pretty Eagle must give up these bad ones to the soldiers. Pretty Eagle said he would give up Sword Bearer but not the others."

During the council, Bill Hamilton, a resident of Billings, galloped his horse into Crow shouting: "We've found Plenty Coups! He's coming—he's coming!"

"When—when?" chorused the anxious voices of red men and white.

"Tomorrow," answered Hamilton. "Jim Campbell found him up in the hills. The Chief sends word to all that he does not sympathize with Sword Bearer and his bad Indians."

The situation remained tense, as reported by the *Daily Gazette* of November 5. Under the tag-line, Crow Agency, the reporter wrote:

"Several tragic incidents occurred today. One Indian was covered by a six-shooter in the hands of a soldier and called upon to surrender, and before he could be stopped he pulled his gun and shot himself . . ."

"Fort Custer, Nov. 5. Dispatch to Mayor Goss: Fight this afternoon. Sword Bearer and two Indians killed. One corporal killed and two soldiers wounded."

Finally, also from the *Gazette*: "Crow Agency, Nov. 7, 1887—Plenty Coups arrived day before yesterday ahead of his people, who got in yesterday. He would have been here before, but was found by James Campbell away from home, up in the mountains, mourning his loss. His wife (Flying Bird) died last week. Plenty Coups says he is very sorry trouble occurred and that if he had been here he thought it might have been prevented. He says everything is going to be all right now."

Everything *was* all right. Before the tall Chief's stern gaze, the malcontents

(*Continued on following page*)

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Children of The Raven

(*Continued from preceding page*)

slunk away abashed. The "rebellion" promptly collapsed, and the Crows never again caused the Government the slightest trouble.

CHRISTIANITY came to the Crows in December, 1903, when the Reverend and Mrs. W. A. Petzoldt arrived on the Reservation to teach the Indians "The Jesus Road" to spiritual peace. Plenty Coups himself became converted to the white man's faith, although retaining much of his old religion in which the great forces of Nature were simply manifestations of the Mighty One Above. White teachers now taught the Crow children their three R's, and trained Agents handled their parents' affairs.

Much, however, was still lacking in the way of Government services for the tribe. In particular, proper farming equipment and expert advice on crop and stock-raising was badly needed. Accordingly, Plenty Coups again visited Washington to plead for his people. Only partially succeeding in this mission, the Chief returned home to act as tribal spokesman for the Crows in negotiations with the Burlington Railroad Company for the purchase of a right-of-way across the Reservation. Hardheaded railroad officials were immensely impressed with Plenty Coups' sagacity and sharp business sense, and wryly admitted that the Chief drove a hard bargain.

All this time Plenty Coups worked unceasingly to keep whiskey and the *peyote* bean (the dried crown of a cactus capable, when brewed into a drink, of producing drug intoxication similar to the effect induced by opium) from the Reservation. He was not always successful. Unscrupulous traders furtively sold rotgut liquor and *peyote* beans to the young braves, flouting Government laws to the contrary. The sight of an Indian youth stupefied with liquor or *peyote* was heartbreaking to the Chief, and a serious deterrent to his tireless campaign for increased educational advantages for the Crows.

World War One provided unexpected assistance to Plenty Coups in his struggle to keep the young men from destroying themselves. Vigorously he urged them to enlist in the Army and fight for their country. "You are Americans!" he told them earnestly. "Prove your patriotism by fighting for America."

The Chief's deepest disappointment was that he was too old to go to the far-off battle-front himself. Throughout the war the aging warrior took a keen interest in the fighting, and was pleased and proud of the splendid record of Indian troops in every engagement. Plenty Coups was chosen, as the representative of all the Indian tribes, to place the Red Man's wreath upon the grave of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington Cemetery, Virginia, in November of 1921. His moving, simple words on that occasion touched the hearts of his hearers. Included in his rapt audience were grizzled Army officers who—as youthful lieutenants fresh out of West Point—had fought with Plenty Coups against Crazy Horse on the Rosebud in 1876.

Calmly the old Chief stood before the distinguished company to deliver his speech. Majestic in sweeping eagle-plume warbonnet and beaded white buckskins, Plenty Coups spoke:

"For the Indians of America I call upon the Great Spirit of the Red Men with gesture and chant and tribal tongue that the dead should not have died in vain, that war might end, that peace be purchased by the blood of Red Men and White."

Unashamed, a white-haired Colonel of cavalry wept standing rigidly at attention as the Chief finished his brief speech and the casket was lowered into the crypt.

For that breathless moment, at least, Red Man and White stood together as brothers before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

AFTER the solemn ceremony at Arlington Cemetery, Plenty Coups journeyed back to the Crow Reservation to continue his unending fight for the welfare of his people. Clearly foreseeing that in education lay the tribe's only salvation, the Chief pressed the struggle for more and better schools for the children augmenting the inadequate class-rooms then available. Plenty Coups himself could neither speak, read nor write the white man's language, and was deeply aware of the severe handicap this imposed upon him. "Education is your most powerful weapon," he told the boys and girls who came to him for advice. "*With* education you are the white man's equal; *without* education you are his victim. Study, learn, help one another always."

Yet, realizing as he did the bleak outlook for the Crows in the future, the Chief remained singularly free from bitterness. Failing in health and nearly blind, the old warrior decided in 1928 to will his property to the United States Government "to be used in perpetuity for the Crow people, and used as a public park by them and others irrespective of race and color."

In his affidavit certifying the transfer of the land, Plenty Coups stated: "My reason for making this bequest of land for a permanent recreation and camping ground where my home is now located, is that it may be a monument to the friendship I have always felt for the white people. Throughout my life I have never had any ill-feeling toward them and have tried to do what I could to

"Now, how do I get it off my finger?"

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cooperate with the white people and to advise my fellow tribesmen to do likewise, and I desire that this park may commemorate that attitude and be a reminder to Indians and white people that the two races should live and work together harmoniously."

The land willed by Plenty Coups to the American people is comprised of a 200 acre tract in a pleasant valley within a few miles of Pryor Canyon. Plenty Coups Peak looms above the Canyon in its fantastic setting of castled and turreted rocks and plunging stony slopes. Today the region is one of scenic delight for thousands of tourists who drive there every year over excellent highways. The Chief's dream is amply fulfilled, for every day in the summer season Indian and white families picnic happily there side by side.

The dedication ceremony took place on August 8, 1928. Scores of Crows and white men gathered in quiet friendliness in front of Plenty Coups' cabin. Brigadier-General James G. Harbord, acting under special commission from the Department of the Interior, was on hand to receive the gift of land in behalf of the American people for use as a camping ground and recreation park.

SPEAKING through interpreter John Frost, a Carlisle-educated Crow and long-time friend, the old Chief spoke slowly and with intense feeling:

"Many snows have fallen, marking the years I have lived at peace with my white neighbors. No red man has ever been shown so many honors as have I.

"My people—the Crow Nation—have not always been treated fairly. They hold no hate.

"Today I, who have been called the Chief of Chiefs among red men, present to all the children of our Great White Father this land where snows for more than fifty winters have fallen on my *tipi*.

"This park is not to be a memorial to me, but to the Crow Nation. It is given as a token of my friendship for all people, both red and white.

"The Great Spirit is good to all His children, but it seems He loves His white children most. He has never shown my people how to do the many wonderful things His white children are doing. He did give us patience and love of home and children.

"Our old men have long pondered this matter in their councils, and we have now come to believe it is because we were late in finding the true God.

"Today one of our noblest red men (Vice-President Curtis) has been chosen to represent this nation as a subchief to the Great White Father. We are proud of him. As the coming ages pass, you will hear of many others of my race holding places of high honor and trust.

"My people have ever been fighting men, and I believe the Warrior ranks highest among all professional men. He fights for his women, his children, and his home. Therefore, Chief War Eagle, (the Crow name selected for General Harbord) my heart goes out to you because you, too, are a great warrior, who has done great service for our country. On behalf of my people, I invite you into the Crow tribe—the highest honor within my power.

"And as the snows of coming winters go by, I hope you will keep in mind the needs of my people in their struggle to be better Americans."

Plenty Coups paused at this point, and lifted his nearly sightless eyes toward his beloved mountain—the mighty peak that henceforth and forever would bear his name. His audience waited in hushed silence for the Chief's final word. When it came it was spoken softly, with deep emotion:

"May the Great Spirit permit your moccasins to make tracks in many snows is my prayer. I have spoken."

GENERAL HARBORD replied immediately, addressing his remarks to the entire assemblage:

"Seven years ago this November your great Chief Plenty Coups and I were associated in the ceremonies of the burial of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery at Washington, and the world will never know whether that soldier who died in defense of our country was of your blood or mine—all that we shall ever know is that he died as a warrior should die, and is forever enshrined in the memory of his countrymen.

"You are living side by side with your white brothers on the land occupied by your ancestors. Your children, born in houses instead of tepees, go to school with the children of your neighbors. You have been made citizens of the United States with all the responsibilities and privileges that go with that qualification; you have a voice in the selection of your State, county, and national officials and in making the laws of your country. You must be prepared by industry and education to hold your own with your white neighbors in the battle of modern life, where the railroad has replaced the war trail, the primary is held instead of the council, and the Crow has become a citizen instead of a warrior, and rides a motor car instead of a war pony.

"The World War brought ten thousand Indians into the armies of our country. I had the honor to serve with some of them in the American Expeditionary Forces, and I know of no case where an Indian was not a good soldier and true to the traditions of his ancestors. Indians also bought more than twenty-five million dollars worth of Liberty Bonds, and subscribed liberally to the Red Cross and kindred war philanthropies. Yours is a record of which men of any race might be proud. It can never be forgotten by my people, and it must not be forgotten by yours.

"So much for the changes in life, duties, and responsibilities that have come to you since Plenty Coups became your

(Continued on following page)

"Either of you chaps lose a tomahawk?"

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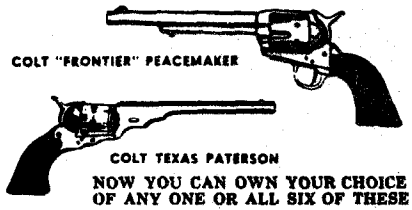

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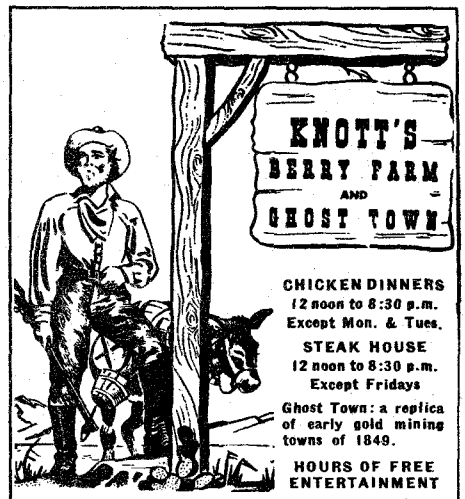

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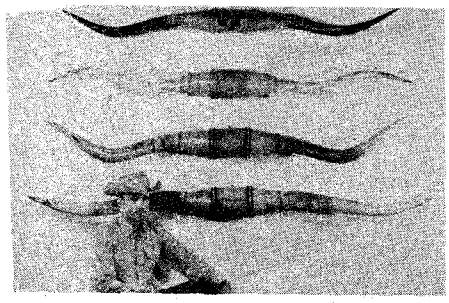

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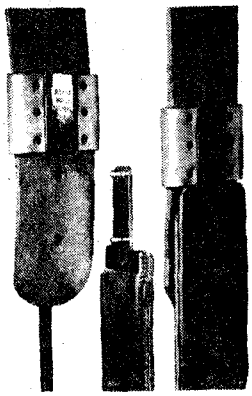

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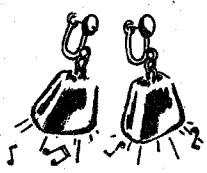

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Children of The Raven

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Chief. It is fitting that in commemoration of all this, he should give to the people of the United States, and particularly the people of Bighorn County, red as well as white, this land on which he has spent so many useful years. It is the climax of a life devoted to his people and to the country in which we all live. With the authority of the Department of the Interior of the United States Government, I accept this gift, and dedicate this park to the memory of Plenty Coups and the great Crow Nation, oldtime friends and allies of the Great White Father, and now his trusted citizens and our fellow countrymen."

INDIAN SUPERINTENDENT Asbury then briefly described Plenty Coups' plan to maintain the forty acre park through revenue derived from the 160 acre farm, and presented the Chief with a copy of the deed transferring the property to the Government. The ceremony continued with adoption of General Harbord into the Crow tribe under the previously announced name of War Eagle, and concluded with John Frost repeating the Lord's Prayer simultaneously in English and the Indian sign language.

As General Harbord observed in his address, this simple yet impressive ceremony was a fitting climax to a great Chief whose long life had been selflessly devoted to his people. Weary with age and infirmities, Plenty Coups would have welcomed the last lone journey across the Slippery Log to the Spirit Land immediately following this high point in his life; yet he lived on nearly four years more. Once each summer he spurned his growing bodily weakness to don his resplendent war costume with its magnificent headdress of upright painted eagle plumes and attend the Midland Empire Fair at Billings. The Chief loved crowds and music, and the gay rhythms of the white man's band pleased him immensely, recalling as it did the thrilling war songs of Three-stars' bugles on Goose Creek in the long-gone time of his youth. No longer was he strong enough to ride his favorite white horse at the head of the Opening Day parade as he had in former years, but he enjoyed listening to the bright music and visiting with his many friends—both red and white.

After his annual visit to the Fair, Plenty Coups returned to his log house three miles from Pryor. Here, on the veranda, the old Chief sat smoking and talking with the comrades of his youth; Coyote Runs, Plain Bull and Bell Rock. White men, too, came to sit and smoke with Plenty Coups and talk of the old days on the Plains when life was good; Doctor William Allen, with whom he had hunted buffalo and fought against raiding Blackfeet; author Frank Linderman, who wrote Plenty Coups' biography just as he heard it from the Chief's lips.

The end came peacefully on March 3, 1932. Plenty Coups, at his own request, was buried back of his house in the grove of cottonwoods he had himself planted as a young man.

The head men of the Crow Nation, in unanimous agreement, voted in council against choosing another Chief. "No living man can fill Plenty Coups' place," declared the head men, "therefore it is fitting that none be chosen."

Their decision was the highest tribute in their power to the memory of a truly great leader. Just as long as Plenty Coups Peak stands guardian over the Chief's valley home will the name of Plenty Coups be remembered by Red Man and White.

The Bronc-Buster from Texas

(*Continued from page 15*)

"Jobe," he admitted, "I didn't think that you or any other living man could do it."

"Thanks," said Jobe, looking admiringly at the broken stud. "That's a wonderful horse. I'd like to buy him."

"Not for sale," the owner smiled.

Cowboys and Indians crowded around Jobe, trying to shake his hand and congratulate him.

WHEN I finally got close enough to shake his hand, recognition came to me. He was little Jobe Smith—a schoolmate of mine back in Mulberry, Arkansas, years before.

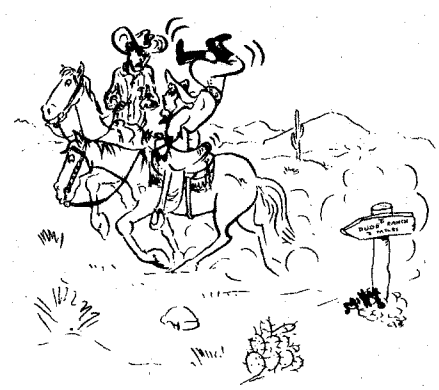
I clearly remembered the day he had said good-bye to us boys. "I'm going to Texas to punch cattle and ride broncos," he'd said. He'd done just that. A quiet, unassuming bronc rider, not a rodeo man. Jobe was delighted when I shook hands with him. I then introduced him to Secretary Richards as my old Arkansas schoolmate. The Secretary smiled and said, "I didn't think Arkansas could turn out a rider like you."

Jobe replied. "I sure thank you. Arkansas made me an ambitious boy, but Texas made me a bronc-buster."

By this time the other boys had come up with their added purse, one hundred dollars in change. Jobe filled his pockets, then handed the balance to the other boys with him. Turning to me, he said, "Milburn, I sure am tickled to see you once more. I'd love to stay and have a good visit with you, but it's a good hundred and fifty miles to the Red River Ranch. That's a hard ride and we must be on the way. Our horses will have to have rest and feed before we get there."

I tried to persuade him and his buddies to come to the house and let Mrs. Harper fix them lunch before leaving, but he declined with thanks.

Nowadays, my family likes to take in all the rodeos. They wonder why I am not so enthusiastic as they about the bucking horse events. They can't realize I can never get the thrill out of them that I did back in the summer of 1901, when Jobe Smith made—in my opinion—the greatest ride in history.



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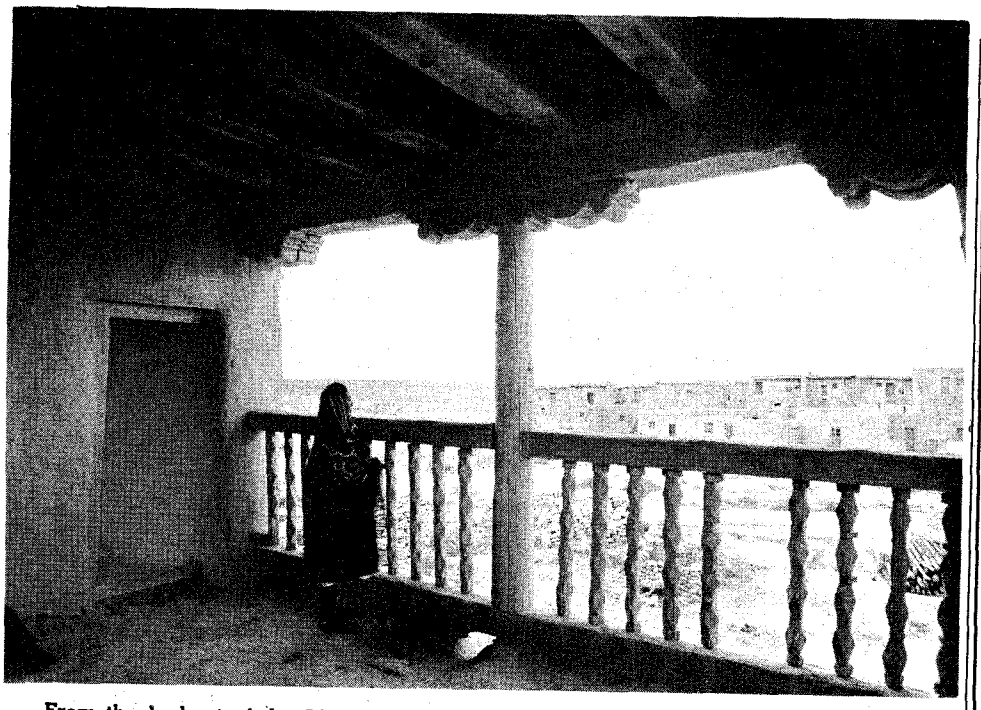


From the lookout of the Massive Mission Church looking down on Acoma Indian Pueblo. This lookout served as a vantage point from which the approach of an enemy might be sighted.

City in the Sky

(*Continued from page* 13)

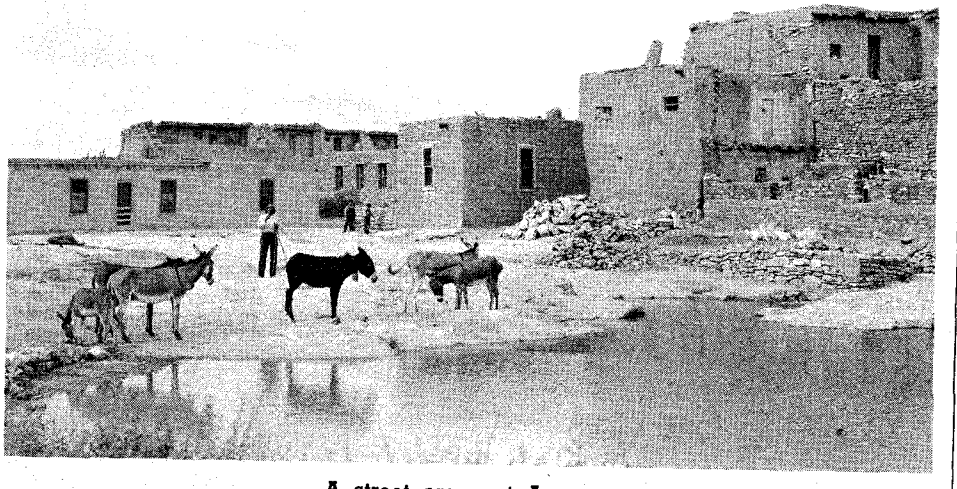
rebuilt, the mission re-established, and harmony and happiness came to Acoma Pueblo. And there it has remained since 1700.

Tourists viewing Acoma today can hardly realize that the huge mass of building materials was brought up the steep trails from the valley below. The rooms were built of flinty sandstone, laid in adobe mortar. Ceiling beams are peeled pine or pinon logs, thatched with peeled sticks. The mud roofs are tight, and ladders are still used to get from one apartment to another.

The enormous mission church is 60 feet high, 40 feet wide, and more than 150 feet long. Massively constructed of adobe brick, the walls are ten feet thick. Some of the timbers, 40 feet long and 14 inches square, were brought from the Mount San Mateo forest, 20 miles distant, and were lugged by hand up the steep trail.

Even more amazing is the cemetery, which required 40 years to complete. Planned by Father Ramirez, the churchyard consists of a stone box 200 feet square and sixty feet deep at the deeper end. It was entirely filled with sand brought up the rock-cut trail in buckskin bags on the backs of the devout Indians.

The Acomas today are a handsome, dignified industrious tribe of farmers and herders. As centuries ago, they still toil in the valley during daylight hours, and in the evening they bring their produce up to the mesa where it is stored until needed. Tourists visiting the City in the Sky are always impressed by the calm serenity and nobility of the people—a serenity and nobility achieved only by those who live at peace with man and with God.



A street scene at Acoma.

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Many fine western books were published in 1954—particularly outstanding was Paul Horgan's GREAT RIVER, THE RIO GRANDE (Rinehart & Co., $10). This is a beautifully printed two volume set that is also available in a limited signed edition ($25) containing several enchanting colored plates by the author. Mr. Horgan is more than a competent writer and this is a scholarly set that is in no sense stuffy. It is the unfolding of life along the Rio Grande that makes this such a great book—the Indians, the Pueblos, the Spaniards, the Mountain Men, the Santa Fe traders, the missionaries, the Texans, the cowmen. As it should with such a cast of characters, life of the people receives far more attention than the physical characteristics of the basin although these, too, are impressive—the River is 1900 miles long and is second only to the Missouri-Mississippi system in the United States. For a thousand miles the Rio Grande is the boundary between the United States and Mexico and as such has been the center, as Horgan records it, of much drama and some comedy in the last century and a half. This set belongs in every western library, collection and home.

Mari Sandoz's THE BUFFALO HUNTERS (Hastings House, $4.50) is one of the most entertaining books issued in 1954. Its historical importance is indicated by the fact that it was the destruction, in a period of 16 short years, of the great buffalo herds—food, clothing, shelter, and fuel for the freedom loving Plains Indians—that finally cleared the way for the white man to settle our great midwestern prairies. BUCKSKIN AND SATIN (The Stackpole Co., $3.95) by Herschel C. Logan is a very interesting study of Texas Jack Omohundro, soldier, scout, and hero of a number of dime novels and his bride, Mlle. Morlacchi, Italian dancer and originator of the can-can in America.

Paul I. Wellman's GLORY, GOD AND GOLD (Doubleday & Co., $6) is the second volume of THE MAINSTREAM OF AMERICA SERIES edited by Lewis Gannett. The book is an exciting narrative of the great Southwest presented in terms of people by an eminently qualified historian. Men, worthy and unworthy, sought out and fought for the Southwest. History was never like this when we were boys. Books such as this —exciting, objective, and based on the strong personalities of the times and places—could well change the entire approach to history.

GUNMEN AND OUTLAWS

Ramon F. Adams' SIX-GUNS AND SADDLE LEATHER (Univ. of Okla. Press, $12.50) is an excellent guide for collectors of books and pamphlets about western outlaws and the peace officers who finally tamed them. Adams is a collector and most of the 1132 titles described in the bibliography, often with salty comment are in his own library.

A number of books listed by Adams, long out of print and now very expensive in the first editions, were reissued in 1954. Some of the more important reprints were: Walton's LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF BEN THOMPSON (Pioneer Press of Texas, $3.95), the story of a wild Texan who was Ranger and Marshal as well as gun-fighter; Pat Garrett's THE AUTHENTIC LIFE OF BILLY THE KID (Univ. of Okla. Press, $2), volume 3 in a fine low cost series, THE WESTERN FRONTIER LIBRARY, with an introduction by J. C. Dykes that reveals that it is rather more unauthentic than the title claims; and O. S. Clark's CLAY ALLISON OF THE WASHITA (Frontier Press of Texas, $2.50).

The second important original work in the gunman field issued during the year was Horan and Sann's PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WILD WEST (Crown Publishers $5.95). This is a big extremely well illustrated volume that calls the roll in words and pictures of all the notorius gunmen and of many of the minor ones in the post-Civil War period. The publishers are to be commended for bringing out this volume at such low price—it is a $10 value.

COLONEL JACK HAYS, TEXAS RANGER (The Naylor Co., $2.50) by Col. H. McC. Henderson, is a brief biography of a lawman—Texas Ranger, soldier, and first sheriff at San Francisco—that is very good on Hays' military activities.

COWBOYS AND CATTLE

The best book on the range livestock industry issued during the year was Wayne Gard's THE CHISHOLM TRAIL (Univ. of Okla. Press, $4.50) although Frink's COW COUNTRY CAVALCADE (The Old West Publishing Co., $4.50), the story of 80 years of the Wyoming Stock Growers Ass'n, is very good. Mercer's THE BANDITTI OF THE PLAINS (Univ. of Okla. Press, $2) is another fine WESTERN FRONTIER LIBRARY reprint of the rare book about the famous Johnson County (Wyoming) War. Dean Krakel's THE SAGA OF TOM HORN (Powder River Publishers, $4.50) deals with still another period in Wyoming's cattle history. HORSE TRAILS ALONG THE DESERT (Herald Press, Scottdale, Pa., $2.50) by Sanford C. Yoder (Northwest); WHEN THE GRASS WAS FREE (Bouregy and Curl, $2.50) by E. F. Hagell, who

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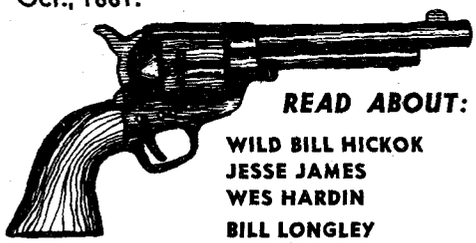
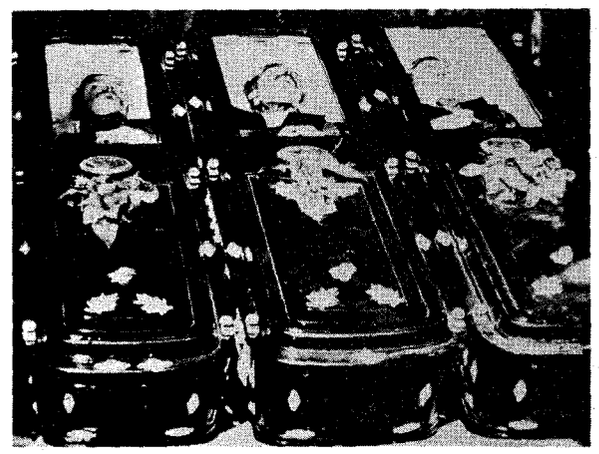
. . . Tom and Frank McLowery and Billy Clanton after the O. K. Corral fight with the Earps and Doc Holliday, Tombstone, Ariz., Oct., 1881.





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also illustrated it (Canada); and NOTHING BUT PRAIRIE AND SKY (Univ. of Okla. Press, $3.75) by Walker D. Wyman (Dakotas) are other worthwhile 1954 cattle books.

S. Omar Barker's SONGS OF THE SADDLE MEN (Sage Books, $2.75) will talk to anyone who loves grass, blue skies, horses and cattle. It is enhanced by a number of spirited drawings by Harold Bugbee.

A fine little item that is likely to be dismissed as suitable only for small boys is THE COWBOY'S OWN BRAND BOOK (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., $1.50) by Duncan Emrich. It is informative and delightful reading for all boys from 7 to 70. Another juvenile, Day's GENE RHODES, COWBOY (Julian Messner, $3) is a must for the numerous Rhodes collectors and fans.

OVERLAND TRAVEL

Two books, Volumes 1 and 2 in the FAR WEST AND ROCKIES SERIES, edited by Leroy R. and Ann W. Hafen, for the Arthur H. Clark Co. of Glendale, Calif., are equally worthy—OLD SPANISH TRAIL: SANTA FE TO LOS ANGELES ($9.50) and JOURNALS OF FORTY-NINERS, SALT LAKE TO LOS ANGELES ($9.50). Another husband and wife team, Herb and Garnet Brayer, edited a dandy book each for the Branding Iron Press of Evanston, Ill.—PIKE'S PEAK-OR BUSTED! ($7.50) and LAND OF ENCHANTMENT ($7.50). All four of these handsome books were issued in limited editions and will be much sought by collectors in years to come. David Lavender's BENT'S FORT (Doubleday and Co., $5.50), one of the best of 1954, is included in this section because of the importance of the Fort to the Santa Fe and Taos trade as well as to the fur trade. It is colorful history of some western giants in exciting times. Douglas D. Martin's YUMA CROSSING (Univ. of New Mexico Press, $4) is sound history of a critical spot for the travelers on the southern trails. The University of Okla. Press reprinted the classic COMMERCE ON THE PRAIRIE ($7.50) by Josiah Gregg with a timely introduction and notes by Max L. Moorhead. It had been out of print for some years but is just as good reading today as it was at the time of issue, 110 years ago.

INDIANS

Paul Bailey's WALKARA, HAWK OF THE MOUNTAINS (Westernlore Press, $4) is the first biography of this chief of the Utes. Another book about the Utes, THE LAST WAR TRAIL (Univ. of Okla. Press, $4.50) by Robert Emmitt covers a considerably later period and is based, primarily, on the official reports of the 1879 war. HORSES ARE FOR WARRIORS (The Caxton Printers, $3.50) by William E. Sanderson, listed as a juvenile, is good Nez Perce lore. It is illustrated by Pers Crowell.

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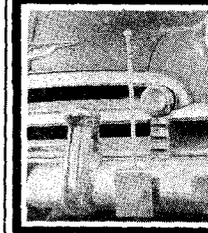

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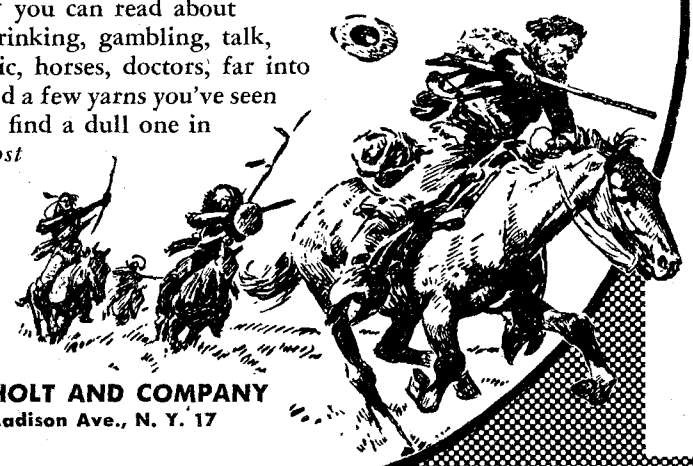

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An Explanation

IF there's one thing that disturbs the Editor of a magazine more than the thousand-odd other ones that continually pester him, it's to get letters telling him right out that a certain article he's published as fact is full of untruths. The first thought that crosses his harried mind runs something like this: "If *this* jasper knows so durn much about what happened back there nigh onto a century ago, why didn't *he* send in a piece on it?"

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And then you get to wondering, "Maybe if these folks *knew the story* behind some of these yarns they crucify so ruthlessly, they wouldn't be so quick to cry cheat and phony at the writer. Maybe they'd write more in a spirit of friendly helpfulness, rather than with the idea of holding a fellow human as prone to fallacy as they up to nation-wide ridicule. Now we don't claim that *all* letter-writers do that—at least, not consciously—but the implication is distressingly clear at times. Man's inhumanity to man is an age-old fact.

Let us illustrate a case in point.

In the April issue of TRUE WEST we published a story entitled *Tombstone, Arizona, The Town Too Tough To Die* by Kent Christy. Some letters came in praising the piece; others denouncing it. The author was castigated for stating that: "The Earps were a motley crew. They were professional gamblers, lawmen and — paradoxically — there is strong evidence that they were also outlaws."

Christy was roundly blasted for his account of the famous fight in the O.K. Corral between the Earps and the Clanton-McLowery boys. "Completely erroneous" said one letter. The same writer brands the entire article "a mass of untruth and hearsay." He goes on: . . . "surely any historian worthy of the title knows that Doc Holliday died of tuberculosis in a Glenwood Springs, Colorado sanatarium . . . the notion that the Earps and Holliday held up the Benson stage is laughable. Wyatt, as an agent for Wells-Fargo, investigated that attempted robbery. The date, incidentally, was March, not October—seven months before the O.K. Corral battle, not, as your author indicates, just a few days previous."

And so on and more of the same. By the time we had finished the third or fourth letter, the suspicion grew that we—the Editors of TRUE WEST—had probably pulled a boner in publishing this piece without extensive research on our part. Usually we insist on the author listing all his sources of information, so that we can check for ourselves. Then, if anything seems amiss, we can shoot it back to the author and say: "Look, bud, what goes?" Unfortunately, unusual circumstances prevented our doing this with the Tombstone article. (We're not trying to alibi, just stating a fact. We SHOULD have done the digging ourselves—being busy is no excuse).

You see, nineteen-year-old Kent Christy came to Arizona for his health. He was a mighty sick boy, and to ease the dreary hour of illness he started digging into the colorful history of Tombstone, with the idea of writing an article on it for TRUE WEST. It is ironic that had he ended his article with his account of Tombstone mining operations and the men who made them possible, he would have escaped the scathing criticism that assailed him for his depiction of the Earps, Doc Holliday, the O. K. Corral fight, et al. Maybe this sick boy *did* write the second part of his article from a "motley collection of hearsay stories . . . " We'll never know the truth of that, for Kent Christy died before ever seeing his Tombstone story in print.

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Truly Western

(*Continued from page 5*)

southern Ontario, where I was a dyed-in-the wool coonhunter. There's no coons around here. Not much doing at night. Occasional dances, but nothing to compare to a good coon hunt. The gang in southern Ontario (Toronto) formed a Coonhunters' Club, and we would go out two or three nights a week. We'd take old Nigger (a black-and-tan), Red (redbone) and Sally (a bitch bluetick) and go for a stroll in the woods. If we got one up a small enough tree, I'd don my horsehide mitts and go up after him. (Only fell out once!) When the coon hits the ground, Red dives in. Red's the killer; we hang onto the other hounds. Usually, though, the coon gets away—but who cares? It ain't the pelt, it's the fun!

Recently the York County Coonhunters got a 41-¾ lb. coon. That's a mighty big coon—even in Texas! Could somebody tell me what the record is?

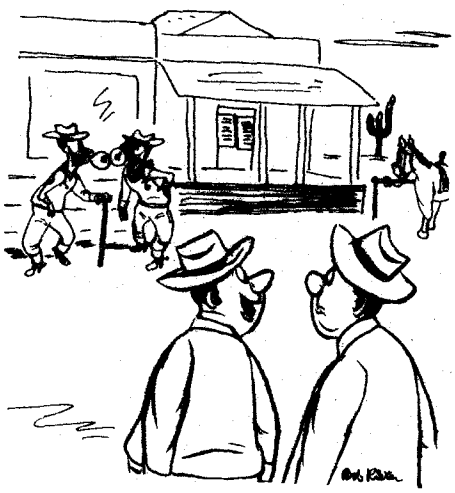
I think the only thing that could improve your magazines is a hundred more pages apiece. Happy New Year to y'all. —John C. Knapton, Mistassinny Post, c/o Boreal Airways LTD., St. Felicion, P. Q., Canada.

Tom Scofield Passes

Dear Editor:

I have one issue of TRUE WEST (Vol. 1, No. 3) and have never been able to find another. Some of my friends in this ghost town have read the stories in the magazine and liked them fine. I have agreed to write this letter to learn if the magazine is still being published. Anyway, I'll enclose a dollar for which you may send me a few numbers. Some of the past-dated issues might do as well as any.

I was particularly interested in the story of the Lost Dutch Oven Mine. I had read the story before. The man who found the mine, Tom Scofield, passed away last July (1954). He was more than 100 years old when he died.—J. E. Dooley, Coulterville, Calif.



"Too feeble to shoot it out—they just pop their bubble gum at each other!"

Ol' Husband Charmers—That's Us!

Howdy, Joe and Fred:

I want to thank you for publishing such an interesting magazine. I am a wife who loves to read, but my husband would fuss if I read while he was home. Then one day he came in with a copy of TRUE WEST. Since then I have been able to enjoy my reading while he does his. We both enjoy TRUE WEST, and I can truthfully say that it is the **only** magazine I have seen my husband read from cover to cover.—Mrs. Bob Billington, Fowlerton, Texas.

Clearing up the Sam Bass Photo

Dear Sirs:

In the January 1955 issue of TRUE WEST you printed a picture of three men sent in by Mr. Jack Joseph. Mr. Joseph says he does not know if this is a photo of Sam Bass.

According to the Album of Gunfighters by Rose and Hunter, this picture has often been printed as that of Jim Murphy, Sam Bass and Sebe Barnes. The Album of Gunfighters says this is incorrect; that it is a picture of a man called "Kid" Thomas, O. Bailey and Sam Walker. The seated man in the center is Bailey. Sam Bass' sister says it is not a picture of Sam.

Concerning a letter from Mr. Charles Straub in the same issue, about Wild Bill Hickok's rifle: I, too, wondered about that article. Most of the books I've read about Wild Bill state that his rifle was buried with him.

About the controversy on Modern vs. Old West. *Please!* Stick to the Old West You can find articles on the modern West in other magazines. Keep it strictly Old West with plenty of authentic old-time photographs. I am a subscriber and will always be until I cross that Great Divide. If you stick to the Old West you will be the only magazine that has true stories of that period. So, for the time being, you'll have no competitors. I have not seen any imitators of TRUE WEST so far. But even if some do pop up, none can measure up to the standards of TRUE WEST.—George Hart, 140 Ritner St., Philadelphia 48, Pa.

Hermit's Choice

Reach, Hombres!

I got you covered with my Geiger Counter, and it shore is a mighty dangerous weepon. I've shore been slightin' my gun shootin' since I got this infernal gadget, and in six months I ain't hit a thing with it. Done better with my ole six-guns!

As I get the drift of your palaver, back issues sell for two-bits each. I enclose a check to cover Nos. 4, 5 and 6.

One thing more: Since so many broadsides are being fired at you 'bout yore magazine, I might as well trigger off a shot or two myself. Here it comes and I hope it's a bull.

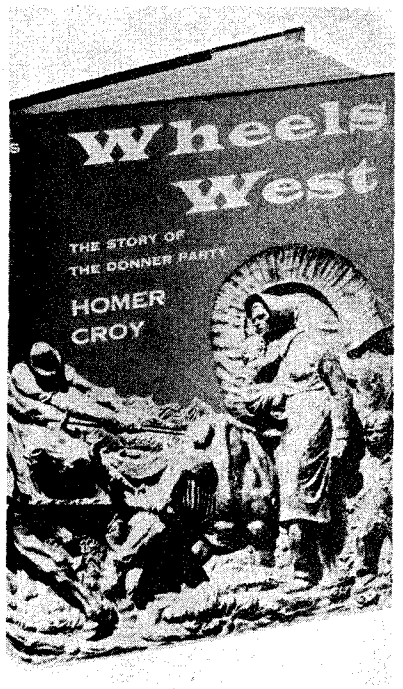
Of all the so-called Western style magazines, yours is TOPS. Shore hope you

(*Continued on following page*)

Homer Croy's

Epic of the pioneers . . .

WHEELS WEST



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Homer Croy, author of numerous books of western Americana, heard this story many times from his own parents, who were pioneers too. More recently he has combed through old diaries, newspaper files, documents, and interviewed descendents of the survivors. Finally, he has traveled over every mile of the trail of the Donner Party himself. And out of all this he has woven a stirring epic dedicated to the courage, the unconquerable will to survive, of these pioneers. With his fine sense of the dramatic and great gift of characterization, Mr. Croy makes his tale and the people in it as real as if it all happened only yesterday. Only $3.75.

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Truly Western

(*Continued from preceding page*)

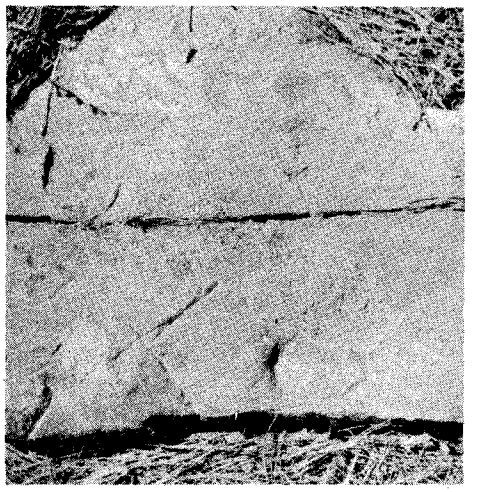
keep it going as it is. Lots of Good Luck to you!

Now where's that durn Geiger Counter —I gotta get goin.—J. W. Usher (The Hermit of Eddie's Gulch) Sawyer's Bar, California.

Rock Markings

Dear Joe:

I don't know if you will remember me, but I am the fellow who talked to you about the Old Spanish Trail in New Mexico and some of the rocks with strange markings I had uncovered on it. Also, some of the interesting markings on trees. You offered to print a picture if I sent you one. Here it is—O. H. Poulk, 116 East Central, Temple, Texas.



More on Jesse James' Guns

Dear Mr. Gipson:

Was interested in Mr. Straub's questions in TRULY WESTERN, January '55 issue TRUE WEST. Possibly I can answer some of his questions. My information comes from a book that I believe is the only authentic source of information available: *Jesse James, My Father*, written by Jesse James, Jr., June 1, 1899, in Kansas City, Missouri.

The gun that killed Jesse James was a Colt .45 improved pattern, silver-mounted and pearl handled pistol presented by the dead man to his slayer only a few days before the killing.

Mr. Carl W. Breihan says it was a Smith & Wesson, but I think he is mixed up. Jesse was wearing at the time of his death a .45 Colt revolver and a .45 Schofield Revolver.

Other questions of Mr. Straub's and answers thereto:

Disposal of Jesse James' guns at the time of his death: There was a public auction, and the cartridge belts were sold for $15.00. T. T. Crittenden, Jr., was given one of the revolvers by Jesse, Jr., as a token of friendship. The other was given to Frank James.

After Frank James surrendered to Governor T. T. Crittenden at Jefferson City, Mo., in October, 1882, he surrendered his gun and cartridge belt. After he stood trial and was acquitted, Governor Crittenden returned the gun and belt to Frank. A few years ago, Miles Standish, a gun collector in Kansas City, Mo., acquired Jesse James' gun.

I hope the above information is of help to Mr. Straub. It is an authentic report, taken from the book written by

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Jesse James, Jr., and who should know more about it than Jesse James' own son?—Bill Green, 1512 North Carona, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

We'll Work on This

Dear Editor:

I received the last issue of my trial subscription to TRUE WEST, and I am enclosing a money order for $3.00 for a renewal.

Although I live a long way from the West, I thoroughly enjoy reading about it.

I would like to see you run pictures and descriptions of firearms used in the old West. I think this would be an interesting addition to your magazine.—Albert H. Grainger, 24 Hester St., Dartmouth, N.S., Canada.

Top Ten Gunfighters

Dear Fred:

In the November issue of TRUE WEST I wrote you that some friends and I were attempting to decide on the top ten gunfighters of the Old West. Some of you readers sent in your selections. When the final letter came in, I tabulated the result and the complete list is presented below for the attention of all those interested:

1. Wyatt Earp. (All lists submitted carried a vote for Earp—usually in first half of list).
2. Wild Bill Hickok. (Number two spot all to himself).
3. John Wesley Hardin.
4. "Doc" Holliday.
5. William Bonney. (Billy the Kid).
6. Bat Masterson.
7. Ben Thompson.
8. Bill Longley.
9. "Buckskin" Frank Leslie.
10. Clay Allison.

Johnny Ringo was Number 11, losing out by only 2 or 3 points.

One little "gunfighter," who I'd guess to be under 10 years of age, sent in a list which showed a lot of sincerity and interest. However, his favorites were all motion picture stars except for Billy the Kid and Wild Bill Hickok.—Albert R. Harris, Rt. 2, Box 225, Kerman, Calif.

(Continued on following page)

"Okay, hold your horses! I'm hungry as a bear, too!"

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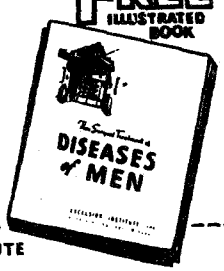

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Truly Western

(Continued from preceding page)

"Nigger" Speck's Gold

Howdy, Joe!

Man! This mag is righteous! For thirty years a publication such as yours has been needed. Prior to that, a fellow could talk to the original actors of many a Western drama. Now the oldtimers have become scarce, indeed.

I have been doing a little research on the Butch Cassidy gang and the "Wild Bunch" that operated in Wyoming. I particularly desire information on one of his crew called "Nigger" Speck. I have located the cabin where he allegedly buried some loot from a robbery the gang pulled off. The big question is to whom did he talk prior to being forcibly assisted to his reward.

The story as it was told to me is that Nigger was being hounded by a persistent posse. (Not because they wanted to cut up the loot, but because Nigger had been a bad boy and they wanted to remonstrate with him). They were close on his heels as he headed for the "Hideout," a small sod-roofed cabin just south of the Wyoming border in Colorado. Nigger's horse was tiring fast, so on his arrival at the cabin he dashed inside and came out with an old cast-iron Dutch oven. Into this he poured the contents of his saddle-bags, *mucho dinero*, in the form of gold coins. This pot of gold he allegedly buried thereabouts, and took off a sadder but lighter man.

Being somewhat more than legendary, that particular buried treasure has a lure all its own. I thought that a tale of that sort might go over big with the Editors and, being a writer of sorts, decided to give it a whirl. Rest assured that my interest in this gold is purely literary. Cross my heart, I wouldn't touch a nickel of it—much! If any of your readers have any info on this little episode of "Nigger" Speck's career, I sure would appreciate it. The slightest bit would be welcome, for of tiny dots a picture is formed.

It is my opinion that you fellows have found your "Pot of Gold" already in your magazine, TRUE WEST. May the year of '55 bring you many new subscribers. —John Patrick Flood, Box 724, Idaho Springs, Colorado.

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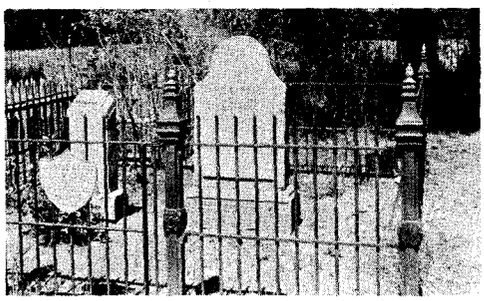
Two Photos that Stir Old Memories



Howdy, Joe!

Looking back over *Man-Eater of Powderhorn Creek* in Volume 1, Number 1, of TRUE WEST, I remembered a picture I took a few years ago just south of Lake City. Also sending a picture taken at the grave of Kit Carson in Taos, New Mexico. They tell me that the first stone was chipped to pieces by sightseers and that this is the second stone. Thought these photos might be of interest to your readers.—R. L. Perryman, Route 2, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

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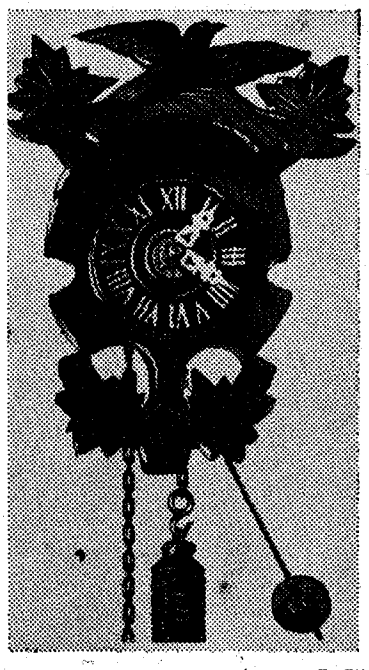

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DOUGHBELLY'S DOIN'S

Taos, N. M.—Them Russians is getting too smart. Malenkove come down from being primier without being shot down. The rule in that country is if you don't make good you go down by liquidation. In case you don't know what that means you have a sudden heart attack caused by the shock of A large rifle bullet (or bullets) fired at close range. The only nice thing about being one of them liquidated premiers in Russia is that they give you a nice big funeral. (Like the big gangsters used to have in this country till the income tax got so high they couldn't afford it.) All the big shot ruskys walk around the coffin and say he was A good man but he used bad judgement. After they say all them nice things about you, they stuff you in that marble vault with Marx lenin and Stalin.

It will be A sight worth watching to see all them Preimers walk down to the hot place on the resecration morning arm in arm. And see the old devil hand them A shovel full of fire and say boys you go start you A hell of your own. I don't want you here teaching my other boarders to be mean. Them big shot russians won't lie but they will tell something several different ways to keep from lying. They are good boys in A way. But they weigh too much.

I WENT to see one of them Wild Western pictures the other night. The cattle stampeded, the saddle horses got away, and the cook burnt the biscuits—but the Hero had to take time out to buckle on his trusty .45 and get the girl out of bed and tell her how much he loved her and kiss her till you could hear the suction some distance away. His hat was turned up on three sides like Washington crossing the Delaware and he had two feet of slack in his bridle reins when he crawled on his horse. Had on a wrist watch and was smoking up-town cigarettes—and the time was seventy-five years ago.

That is a few days before my time, but I didn't know they had tailor-made cigs, wrist watches and six shooters that would shoot eight or ten times without reloading. But as I said that was a little ahead of me . . . and when he rode forth to do battle with the stampeding cattle and the storm, the gal looked after him with that far-away look in her eyes like a locoed sheep. My honest opinion is that that cowboy don't know which end of a cow grazes. My opinion ain't worth much, but I can't keep from expressing it. The cowboy's horse fell on him, he was found in time for the girl to nurse him back to life and they married.

They should have showed the final of that picture as Hollywood goes now days. The divorce proceedings granted on grounds of incompatability, whatever that is. Or mental cruelty and how much alimony has got to be. Oh well, them picture people has got to have something, I guess, and there had just as well be fake cowboys as fake investigators. And there is plenty of both for —A FEE.

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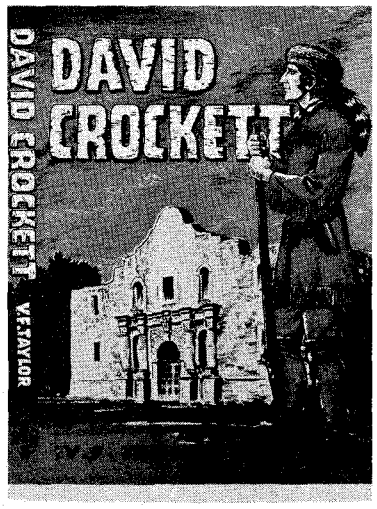

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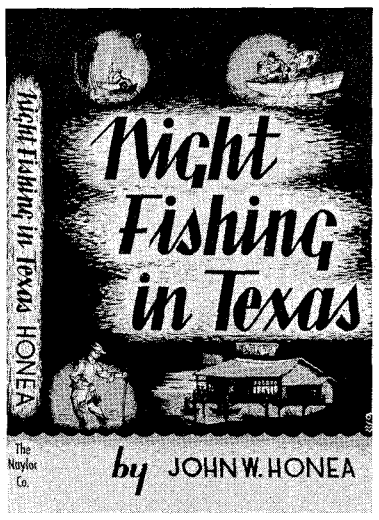

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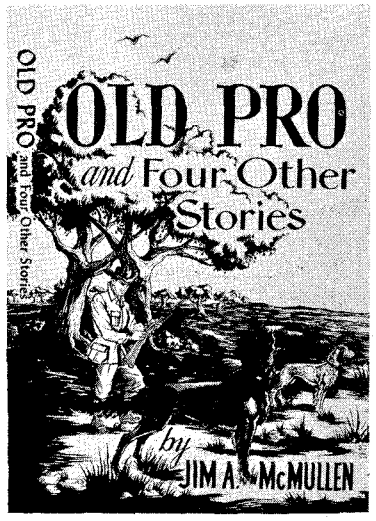

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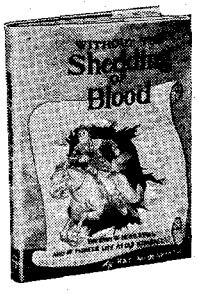

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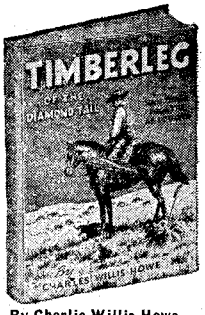

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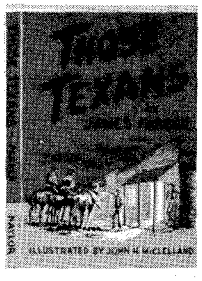

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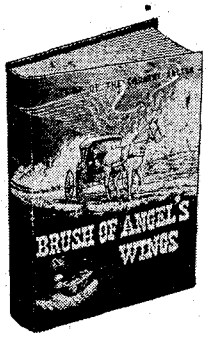

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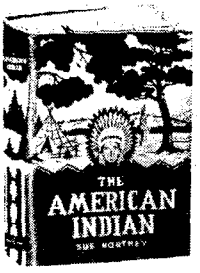

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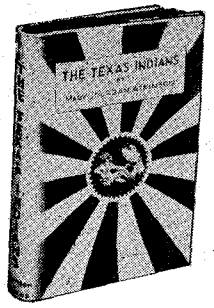

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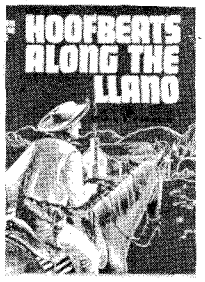

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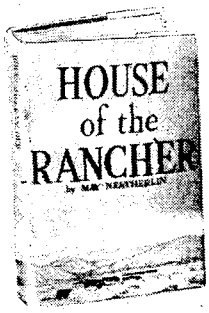

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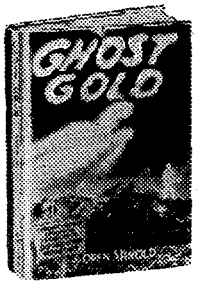

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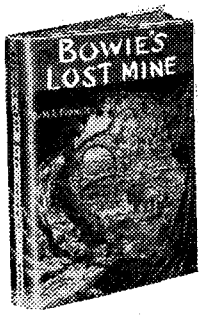

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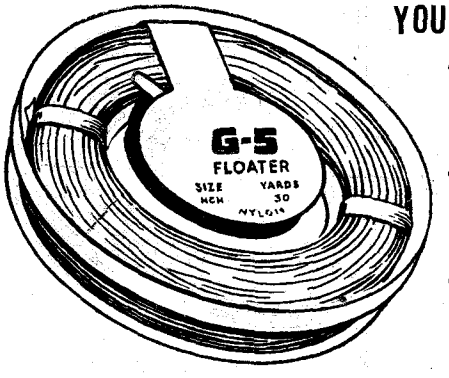

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